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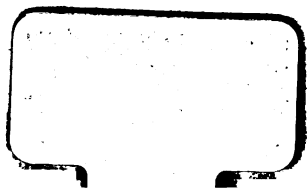
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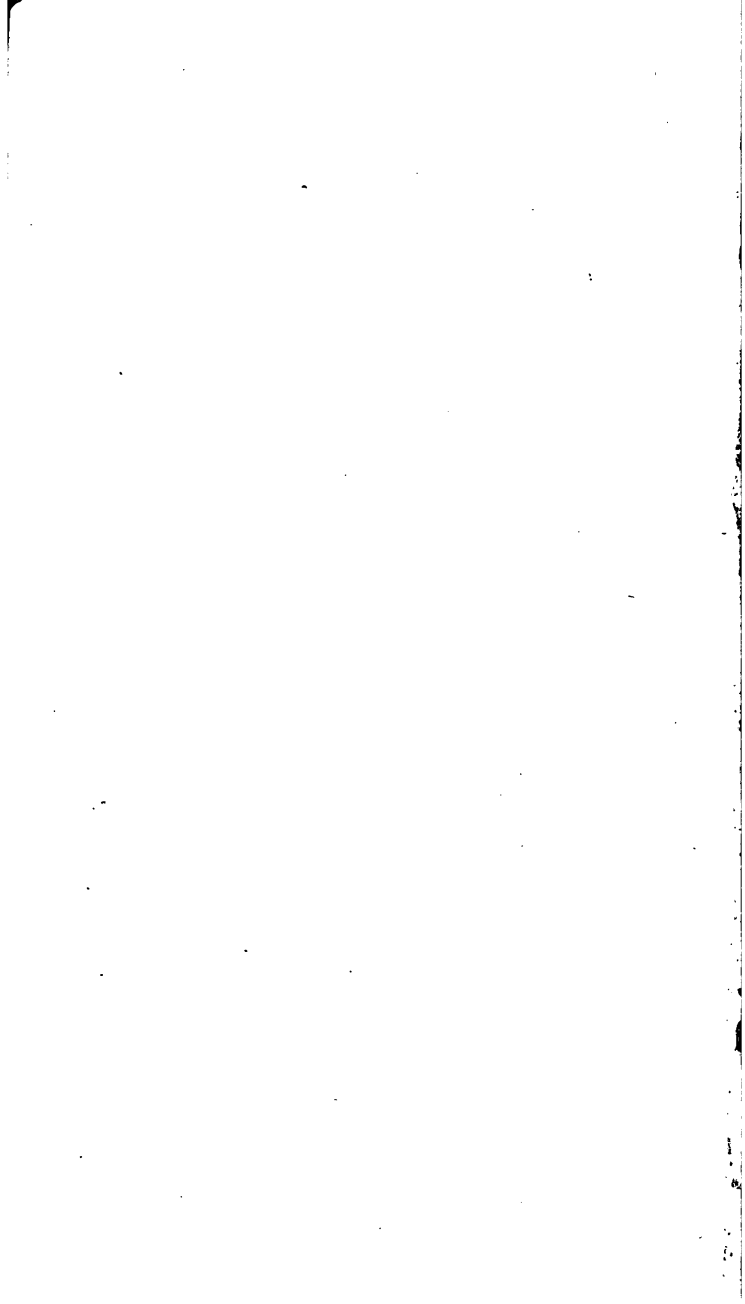
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FESTIVOUS
NOTES
ON THE
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
Of the RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.

First Published by
EDMUND GAYTON, Esq;
In the Year 1654.

REVISED, with CORRECTIONS, ALTERATIONS,
and ADDITONS; and adapted to the Modern
Translations of that celebrated WORK.

To which is added, a Copious
I N D E X,

By the EDITOR.

—*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

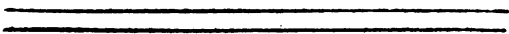
PHÆDR.

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MDCCLXVIII.





T H E

P R E F A C E.

THE following Book was first published in the year 1654, by *Edmund Gayton*, Esq. More is not expressed in the title page, nor have I ever been able to learn who he was. Considering the age in which he lived, I think I may venture to pronounce him an Author of no inconsiderable merit. That he was a known, and esteemed writer, is hardly to be doubted, when we consider the names prefixed to nine complimentary copies of verses published before the work. He certainly was a man of sense, a scholar, and a wit: Perfectly acquainted with the follies and vices of the times; which he satirized with the pleasantry of *Horace*, free from the virulence of a *Persius*, or a *Juvenal*.

His reading seems to have been universal; though not more extensive than his knowledge of men, manners, and opinions. He was a great punster, and his jokes were sometimes low, yet they are peculiar and ingenious, bearing strong marks of originality. It must be confessed, indeed, that he is sometimes indelicate, not to say indecent; but I hope the Reader will find, that I have carefully cleansed the *Augæan* stable.

His language is verbose, and his meaning frequently so obscure, as not easily to be understood; however, I have endeavoured to render him familiar; and, indeed, that was all I aimed at by this publication. I have expunged such notes as I thought trifling, or from their allusion to things totally forgotten, incapable of being made intelligent to the present age, and have taken the liberty to enlarge such, as I imagined were deserving improvement.

The reader may probably expect, that these notes are critical, and tend either to censure, or elucidate the celebrated history of *Don Quixote*: Should this be the case, his expectation will be disappointed; for they are principally nothing
more

P R E F A C E. v

more than entertaining and witty remarks, on various passages and incidents in that history, frequently illustrated by laughable stories, similar to those incidents.

This Book is frequently quoted in Dr. Grey's notes on *Hudibras*. It was originally printed in a small folio, and, I believe, never underwent a second impression; nor do I imagine that many of them are now extant. Whatever may be thought of this attempt to restore an Author, almost sunk in oblivion, I hope, at least, it will not be considered in a ridiculous light, or meet with the severity of unjust censure: We have a kind of veneration for the works of our forefathers; and I am greatly mistaken, if he is not an Author worthy preservation

That the Reader may be able to form some opinion of Mr. Gayton's style and manner, as also, how far this work is improved, I shall transcribe a note or two, from the original book, *verbatim*.

T E X T.

There lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance, and worm-eaten target.

This description of his house is in short, the very same with an ancient Justice of the Peace his Hall, a very dangerous Armory to be toucht; like *Paul's Scaffolds*, Monumentally standing, because none dare take them down.

The note, as it stands in the present edition, is as follows :

This description agrees with the custom of decorating halls in ancient mansion-houses in this country, some centuries ago, where the armour of our valiant ancestors made a most terrific and tremendous appearance, and inspired the rising generation with a love and esteem for deeds of heroism; at the same time that it commanded respect from ignorant and vulgar minds, who considered it as a kind of witchcraft, and dangerous even to be touched; like the scaffolds on the ancient church of St. Paul, which were left for a long time monumentally standing

ing before any one would venture to take them down.

T E X T.

He sold many good acres of Terra-Firma, to purchase books of Knight-errantry.

We have a Proverbe (but the Spaniard have two for one) That a foole and his money are soone parted; It seemes our Knight (pardon the application) made his Lands *Errant* before himselfe, and dub'd his Acres first, so that what he did afterwards was but in pursuance of his Lands that went before, and so made himselfe a Wise-Acres. Laugh not too soon at our Spaniard, unlesse you can acquit yourselves countrymen, of as great a folly. Are not Books of this kind as well bought as those of the Philosophers stone? And pray what difference in the price? How much good gold hath been fired, out of whose ashes yet the young Phoenix never rose? what did *Banckes* spend in Coales do you thinke? How much *Terra was Damnata*? How many Lordship's sold? Besides the inestimable losse of Time and Braines, to purchase this empty name, and sound the Philosophers stone? There is not, of all that
expence-

expenccfull madnesse, so much left for profit or recreation, as the History of that *Quixo-Philosophy*, or *Philosophers*, unlesse what is most admirably Satyriz'd by our Fãther *Ben* (of eternall memory) in his Play of the Alchymist :

Speſtatum admiſſi Riſum teneatis Amici?

Which would move laughter most, our *Dons* encountring his Wind-mill, or his Lordship at the Furnace? Being *Subtle*, *Face*, *Lungs*, and all: Bestow a brace of tafsled Caps upon them both, and so *excant*.

The alteration of this note is as follows :

So he made his lands *errant* before himself, and dubbed his acres first; what he did afterwards was in *pursuance* of his lands, which went before, hoping by these means to make himself a *wise-acre*. However, let not the English reader laugh at the Spaniard: The Don's passion for *Knight-errantry*, was not more ridiculous than our countrymens infatuation with the bubble of *Alchymy*. If *Quixote* sold his lands to purchase books of *chivalry*, we have sold

fold our estates, and beggered posterity, in our fruitless researches after the *Philosophers Stone*. What quantities of gold have been fired? out of whose ashes the young *Phoenix* never yet took her flight! And here, I cannot avoid remarking, that though no author ever excelled the inimitable satire of *Cervantes*, on the madness and folly of his countrymen, in their absurd passion for *Knight-errantry*, yet, I think it will be acknowledged, that the celebrated *Ben Johnson*, with equal merit, and equal success, finely ridiculed and exposed the folly and roguery of the pretenders to *Alchymy* in his days: Nor do I know which is most laughable, *Don Quixote's* encountering the *wind-mill*, or *Sir Epicure Mammoth's* credulity and pleasurable enjoyment of the lies imposed on him by *Subtle* and *Face*.

I am unwilling to tire the Reader's patience, or could instance many notes, scarcely intelligible from the verbosity of the style, and incorrect manner in which they are printed: The above quotations, which are by far the best in the whole work, are sufficient. The Editor, therefore, hopes that the Reader, and the Critics, will do him that justice

x P R E F A C E.

justice he is intitled to; more his vanity does not lead him to expect, but,
In tenui labor.

J. P.

N. B. The texts are taken from the third edition in twelves, of *Dr. Smollett's* translation; that being not only the most modern, but the best; and are numbered. The first refers to the page in *Dr. Smollett's*, from whence they are taken; the second, to the fourth edition of *Mr. Jarvis's*; these being the most esteemed translators: Not, but the passages may be easily found in *Motteux, &c. &c.* so that this book is a proper companion to all the translations, and being printed in the same size, may be bound up, with every edition in twelves, of *Don Quixote's* celebrated history.

The Index is now first added, in order to assist the Reader, in the ready finding the many stories, and curious passages in this book.

The

The Substance of Mr. Gayton's original
INTRODUCTION.

READER,

BOOKS of Knight-errantry, like the Knights themselves, expect entertainment wherever they come. *Don Quixote* imagined he obliged every place that received him, and thought his landlords indebted to him for his acceptance of their courtesies. His stay was not long in a place, and his pay the sport he made. The castle had its security for a reckoning, and protection for the bill of fare. His hosts were created constables, his hostesses countesses, and their daughters ladies, for the benevolence of night-caps and slippers: ostlers were dubbed grooms; boot-catchers squires, and tapsters yeomen of the cellar. Thus by acts of grace, and conferring honours, he defrayed the expences of travelling.

He adventures now, as heretofore, with the same confidence of welcome. A known guest need not invitation; reception

ception is all he expects; look but *pleasantly*, and *smile* upon him, it is the only feast he desires. But *Sancho Panza* is more humble and solicitous for favours: he begs to be tossed from *band* to *band*; and will be very thankful if you will put him in your *pocket*. His ass is for every one to ride, the more the merrier; if you give him stable room it is well, he wants not provender.

FESTIVOUS

FESTIVOUS
NOTES
ON THE
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

TEXT.

In a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not choose to remember.) Page 1.—1.

WHY Cervantes (the celebrated author of this history) purposely omitted the name of the place where this Knight of famous memory lived, is easily understood; for by this artful omission, he gave those gentlemen who are curious about trifles, an important subject for enquiry and disputation. The place of Homer's birth is still a challenge upon record; and the head of Nile being undiscovered, has puzzled many a one to find it out.

B

There

There lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and worm-eaten target.) P. 1.—1.

This description agrees with the custom of decorating halls in ancient mansion-houses in this country, some centuries ago, where the armour of our valiant ancestors made a most terrific and tremendous appearance, and inspired the rising generation with a love and esteem for deeds of heroism; at the same time that it commanded respect from ignorance and vulgar minds, who considered it as a kind of witchcraft, and dangerous even to be touched; like the scaffolds on the ancient church of St. Paul, which were left for a long time monumentally standing, before any one would venture to take them down.

He maintained a female house-keeper turned of forty, a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow.) P. 3.—2.

The Don's family was like that in Noah's ark, two and two, male and female. But we do not read that he ever augmented the number, and that is wonderful, since it is imagined he was but one remove from the Austrian family; or at least, of the race of the Jews, as appears by his *errantry* (which word is by some interpreted *wandering*) and it was, and yet is, lawful for them to match within their tribes.

An

An early riser, and in point of exercise another Nimrod,) P. 3.—2.

The learned in *natural* philosophy, have imagined the Don's great continence and chastity was owing to his early rising and fondness for hunting. He was a dedicated vassal to Diana.

Otia si tollas periere Cupidinis arcus.

Hunting spears and javelins, are not of Cupid's quiver.

He sold many good acres of Terra-Firma, to purchase books of knight-errantry) P. 3.—2.

So he made his lands *errant* before himself, and dubbed his acres *fist*; what he did afterwards was in *pursuance* of his lands, which went before, hoping by these means to make himself a *wise-acre*. However, let not the English reader laugh at the Spaniard. The Don's passion for *knight-errantry* was not more ridiculous than our countrymens infatuation with the bubble of *Alchymy*. If *Quixote* sold his lands to purchase books of *Chivalry*, we have sold our estates, and beggared posterity, in our fruitless researches after the *Philosopher's Stone*. What quantities of gold have been fired? out of whose ashes the young *Phœnix* never yet took her flight! And here

I cannot avoid remarking, that though no author ever excelled the inimitable satire of *Cervantes*, on the madness and folly of his countrymen, in their absurd passion of *knight-errantry*, yet, I think it will be acknowledged, that the celebrated *Ben Johnson*, with equal merit, and equal success, finely ridiculed and exposed the folly and roguery of the pretenders to *Alchymy* in his days: Nor do I know which is most laughable, *Don Quixote's* encountering the *wind-mill*, or *Sir Epicure Mammon's* credulity and pleasurable enjoyment of the lies imposed on him by *Subtle* and *Face* *.

He could not comprehend the probability of those direful wounds, given and received by Don Bellianis.) P. 4.—3.

Quixote did not appear to be so deeply affected with the account of the blows which *Bellianis* gave and took, as a poor *Butcher* of our country was, who being at the representation of a play called *The Greeks and Trojans*, and seeing *Hector* overpowered by *myrmidons*, leaped upon the stage, and with his bludgeon took the *Trojans* part so valiantly, that he routed the *Greeks*, and abused them for a company of cowardly slaves, to assault one man with so much odds; and then took such

* See the *Alchymist*, a Comedy, by B. Johnson.

a fancy to *Hector*, that for a long time he could not obtain leave to be killed, that the play might go on; for the vanquished *myrmidons* would not venture to enter again, till *Hector* prevailed on his unexpected second to quit the stage, and return to his seat from whence he came.

Divers and obstinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Siguenza) on that puzzling question, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis de Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant? P. 4.—3.

The best comment on the Don's ridiculous disputes with the parson, is the following story:

As two *Oxonians* were walking together, complaining bitterly of their want of money, one of them started a supposition: "If we should find a purse of gold," says he, "how shall we divide it?" They were, you are to understand, of different degrees, one master of arts, the other only batchelor of arts. The master, like the lion in the fable, insisted on having the greatest part. The other said no, *simul occupantes æquè dividentes*. The master would not give up his privilege of seniority; the batchelor insisted on his title to half. The dispute grew high, and at

last ended in an obstinate battle. When they were heartily tired with the blows they had given each other, they desisted, and began to examine minutely into the ground of their quarrel; and when they came to understand that it was only about the division of a purse of gold not yet found, they shook hands and were friends, and returned home very lovingly to college.

He observed that Cid Ruydias was an excellent Knight; but not equal to the Lord of the Flaming-Sword, who, with one back-stroke, had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. P. 5.—4.

But what would the Don have said, had he known some of our *British* adventurers? the Knight of the *spouting-pestle*; or the Knight of the *burning-pestle*, who carried all the ladies before him; or *Bevis of Southamp-ton*; *Guy earl of Warwick*, or that *cripple-errant* of famous memory, who stole the golden weather-cock from *Paul's steeple*. This was the *highest* piece of desperate valour ever attempted; but his piety is as notorious as his sacrilege, for with the same weather-cock he built the church, which to this day retains his name.

Accordingly

Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante.)
P. 7.—6.

This is a proof, undoubtedly, that *Quixote* was no inconsiderable scholar. He chose by figure to name his *Bucephalus*; and by a *husteron proteron* (or, as we say in English, putting the cart before the horse) he succeeded very happily in the title, which in English does not sound so pompously as in Spanish; not but it will do indifferently well; *Lat-packasad* being in sense the same, though not in sound, with *Rozinante*.

He determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place.) P. 9.—8.

Aldonza Lorenzo strangely anagrammatized! Therefore, in *contemptum anagrammaticorum*, *Dulcinea del Toboso*, stands for *Aldonza Lorenzo*. As the *French* never regard the quantity of syllables, so the *Spaniards* pay little attention to the transposition of letters; which brings to remembrance the following short story:

Don Gondamore (who was *Quixote's* countryman) was talking in the *Latin* tongue to king *James*, who spoke *Latin* very correctly. *Gondamore* spoke it so badly, that the king desired him to spare *Priscian's* head for the future.

8 FESTIVOUS NOTES upon

future. The Don replied, "May it please
" your majesty, I speak *Latin* free, and with-
" out rule, but you speak it like a school-
" master."

C H A P. II.

He recollected that he had never been knighted.
P. 10.—8.

THIS was a terrible stroke, and enough to
have crushed our cock of the game in the
egg. In this direful dilemma, it would have
been happy for the Don (and much to the
advantage of those editions of his history
which have cuts) if it had entered into his
head to have fallen on his knees to *Roxi-
nante* (who formerly was a horse of goodly
carriage;) the brute could have done no less
than bounded immediately, and laid his hoofs
upon his master's helmet, which would have
done the business; and the Don for ever af-
ter might have stiled himself of the *Equestrian*
order of knight-hood.

With respect to the white armour. P. 10.—9.

One misfortune seldom comes alone. Once
out, ever out. Before the Don was able to
extricate himself from his first difficulty, viz.
his not having been knighted, up starts a second
as perplexing as the other; this was the
want

want of *white armour* ! Happy would it have been, if a chalk-hill had been near ; it would have whitened him and *Rozinante* into the bargain.

The first Knights that ever were heard of in white armour, and on white horses, were (as I take it) *Castor* and *Pollux* ; who, though they never shine together in the Heavens, yet in one great battle, wherein the *Romans* got the victory, they were discovered to come into the field, and do wonderful execution, and then vanish to their orbs in the Heavens : And ever since, those *mares* that saw their *white horses*, have had colts with *stars* in their foreheads. This is a secret piece of natural history never published before, and well worthy the consideration of that learned and respectable body of men, the *Royal Society* ; nay, I think the least they can do, is to admit me a member for this piece of intelligence, and dignify my name with those honourable letters F. R. S.

These, and other such rhapsodies, he strung together.) P. 12.—10.

These kind of soliloquies, or self-discourses, are every where to be met with, though they are more generally seen than heard. What man do you meet alone, but if he is thoughtful, his eyes, lips, and hands, go as fast as his
his

his feet? Were we to observe the several postures of passengers in the streets, we might, after a little attention, know most mens thoughts by the motion of their lips, and discover their intentions by the signs in their faces. Such agreeable indications every face doth betray; that in spite of the verse we may say, *fronti summa fides*, every man's passions are written on his forehead; and if the fair-sex did not envelope their beautiful faces so much as they do; with the ornaments of their head-dress, much more might be known than they would willingly have discovered.

*Recorded in the annals of La Mancha. P.
12.—11.*

The annals of the *Mancha*, are in as large a folio as those of *Gotham*, and are kept in very safe custody; few travellers having seen them, that ever I heard of. A sight of them is esteemed a great favour, and is obtained with difficulty now, unless you are recommended by some great personage, or produce certificates from the family of *we be three*, who are of the *quorum* always.

*He decried, not far from the road, an inn,
which he looked upon as the star that would guide
him to the porch, if not the palace, of his re-
demption:*

demption: In this hope he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where, at that time, there happened to be two ladies of the game, who being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.) P. 12.—11.

Though our Don was not yet created a knight-errant, it is more than probable these females were *lady-errants*, and had devices in their targets, for very different adventures than ever entered into his head. Had the Don's foresight been as quick as *Rozinante's*, he might have seen at a mile's distance, that they were a couple of over-ridden hackneys.

Their standing at the inn door, was a sign of themselves as well as the house; and that though they were bound for *Seville*, that their behaviour was not such.

He drew bridle, and stopt Rozinante. P. 13.—11.

The horse was eager to go on, which shews, that a beast knows when he is weary or hungry, better than his rider. These voluntary offerings to approach the inn door, were natural symptoms in the creature of an appetite, or longing for limb-ease and tooth-motion. He was for a *way* bit, and not a *bit of way* more. Whereupon, the *Don* apprehended

prehended *Rozinante's* intention (for knight-errants do, or should, understand all languages, whether vocal or natural) and taking pity on the croakings of his empty guts, to which his own sympathetically answered, he spurred up to the inn door; which item *Rozinante* took the more patiently, as he was within the comfortable smell of provender. But, O mischance! just as the poor beast expected to arrive at the goal of his happiness, a cursed swineherd, who, in a field hard by was tending a drove of hogs, chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects: This was an unlucky circumstance to *Rozinante*, for his master imagined it to be the sound of a trumpet from the battlements of the castle (for such he supposed the inn was) to welcome his arrival; and seeing the damsels run away on his approach, he did not venture to dismount and go in, till he had first made a speech, in which he desired them not to be apprehensive of danger, and professed a great friendship for them, though he had never seen them before. This speech poor *Rozinante* was forced to hear, before he could be conducted to a stable, though it came from a head as empty as his own belly.

But

But Don Quixote guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizard, and discovering his meagre lanthorn jaws, besmeared with dust.) P. 13.—12.

This soldier-like visage of the Don's brought the ladies to a stand. *Venus* did not so much despise *Vulcan* for his lame leg, as she was enamoured with *Mars* for his man-like countenance; which brings to remembrance, the smart reply of a lady, whose opinion was asked concerning a very beautiful young gentleman, and particularly how she liked his face; to which she answered, "what signifies the face? a *Venus's* face, and "*Mars's* valour, never met together in the same person."

And the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave.) P. 16.—14.

The valour of his arm, was not the offering the damsels expected he would have made them; but being disappointed, they were determined to sport with him, as he was not inclined to sport with them.

C H A P. III.

Harassed by this reflection, he abridged his sorry meal.) P. 18.—16.

AURÆ sacra fames. What will not the thirst of honour make a man forego? Here it almost made *Quixote* lose his share of the *Poor-John*. So many a noble *duke Humphryan* (for honour-sake, merely because he would not beg) has manfully walked in St. James's Park, from twelve to three, in contempt of three-penny ordinaries; wondering at the gluttony of the age, and scheming so to habituate nature, that by degrees, she might need no other sustenance than the *Camælion*. But the greatest wits of every age have generally been very slender feeders, or rather have had but slender fare to feed on.

The inn-keeper hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished.) P. 18.—16.

Pride, sometime or other, will have a fall. These high thoughts of the *Don's*, brought him on his knees, but very probably on an easy cushion, for it was in the stable. It was well the *Don* was the votary, and mine *Host* the idol; for had the latter been on his knees, not all the horses in the stable would have been able to have drawn him up again;

for

for the history informs us, that he was not a little over-burdened with an unwieldy belly. The integrity of the historian has been greatly suspected, as to the circumstance of mine host's bulk; for most travellers have declared, that a fat man in *Spain* is seldom, if ever, met with. But as this history has stood the test of ages, I am willing to acquit *Cervantes* of the imputation of falsehood; and, indeed, it is my duty to do so, when I consider myself a commentator. I therefore would observe to the curious reader, that as mine host was a *commark* of *St. Lucar's*, and as great a thief as *Cacus* (for so we are told by *Cervantes*) his magnitude is not to be wondered at, especially if we suppose that he pilfered for the belly, and not like the son of *Vulcan*, stole cattle; and in my opinion, it is as easy to suppose this, as any thing else.

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag. P. 19.—16.

It is common for landlords to be knavishly witty; their wit being a kind of cloak for their roguery. We pass over an imposition in the reckoning more easily, when we reflect on the humour of the host. There is a kind of lechery in neat and ingenious cozenage: It frequently meets with applause, and sometimes finds mercy even before a

judge! Whoever has travelled much, must have remarked, that, every master of an inn is always of the same temper with his guest. If you are a knight-errant, so is he; if you are a gentleman, so is he; or the son of a gentleman; if you are a soldier, he loves a soldier, and very probably was one: In short, they are the verriest apes in the world, and generally *bonii socii*, and very *sosias*; like guests, like landlord.

The host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required.) P. 20.—18.

It is concluded that the Don shall be dubbed a Knight, and the time fixed. This order of Knight-errantry, is very ancient. When there were but three persons in the world, one was of the order. For after Cain had killed his brother Abel, he became a fugitive, and a vagabond over the whole earth; a larger extent than *Quixote's* peregrinations.

The inn-keeper assured him that he was very much mistaken.) P. 20.—18.

When mine host found that the Don had no money about him, like most other landlords, he discovered himself to be of that wise and provident house of the *Jagas*; where this maxim is intailed upon the family, not
to

to be cut off under an *anathema* of the prime parent. *My son, put money in thy purse*, is a good adage for most men, especially travellers, and more so for *horsemen*, as many, for want of paying respect to this frugal principle, have been reduced to *footmen*, and have left their horses behind them, where their heads have swelled a great deal bigger than their bodies; or at least, till they could not be brought out at the door of the stable.

A small box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures. P. 21.—18.

It is imagined that the *sword-salve*, or *unguentum armarium*, was invented by these Knight-errants, who having neither money, friends, or wit (except what was imaginary) and frequently meeting with obstinate landlords, who broke their heads for the non-payment of their reckonings; they wisely contrived this subtle cure, and anointed their swords with it prior to an engagement; so that a wound and a remedy came with the same stroke, if happily their antagonists were possessors of this miraculous balsam of balsams.

Carrying bags was not much for the honour of Knight-errantry.) P. 21.—19.

This quaint device of the wallet, has been put in practice in more plentiful countries

than that of the Don's. Many covetous gentlemen have in this manner conveyed provender for themselves and their horses too; and for the sake of dispatch, have made choice of a grafs-plat for a baiting place, where one table served the rational and irrational creatures, without the least distinction or reserve.

But the wisest scheme in the world is sometimes overthrown by a trifling blunder. So it once happened to a Knight of the Wallet, who being obliged, contrary to inclination, to bait at an inn, his provender being exhausted (for the device of the wallet is but a shift for a day) he ordered his servant to put up the remains of some mutton for a future feast, taking it for granted that he must pay for what they had not ate, as well as for what they had ate; whereupon the over-provident slave, thinking to oblige his master in a high degree, put the soup into the cloak-bag, as well as the meat, and so made a full adage of parsimony. The proverb was here finely verified, which says, *all covet, all lose*.

And thereupon received orders to watch his armour, in a large court, on one side of the inn.)

P. 22.—19.

The *Don* became *dragon* to his own arms; though he was more like a *dragon* in them,
than

than out of them; and to say the truth, he was in this situation, not unlike *St. George* and the *dragon* too. What cannot poets and painters do?

————— *If Homer wou'd,
Hellen had been a hag, and Troy had stood.*

And now, reader, before we go any further, accept of a story.

An inn-keeper once bargained with a painter for a sign, which was to be that of *St. George* and the *dragon*; but most earnestly and often (even to the interruption of the work) begged the painter to be mindful, and draw the *dragon* with a most *killing* countenance; and being perpetually renewing this request, the painter became provoked, and said to mine host, “be quiet, and leave your counsel, or the devil take my wife, if I do not make the *dragon* kill *St. George* ;” which so frightened the poor landlord, that he took to his heels, and ran away faster than he would have done, if the *dragon* had been behind him.

With his eyes fixed upon his armour.) P. 22.—19.

Such kind of looks, probably, did *Ajax* cast upon the armour of *Achilles*. And the
Don's

Don's speech to the carrier, when he approached the cistern to water his mules, was not unlike what *Ulysses* made before the assembled *Greeks*. It has been a matter of great wonder, that the Don did not honour his arms with a speech, or some pious ejaculation, before he began his watch over them. *Cervantes* seems to have hurried over this part of the history too precipitately. Taking it for granted, therefore, that there is something left out touching this matter, I shall fill up the *hiatus* with a speech, which the reader may (if he pleases) suppose the Don to have made, when he first laid his arms upon the cistern.

Most great and venerable arms, lye there !
 Alas ! how happy would it prove for me,
 Did my poor deeds but equal your resplendence.

It cannot be the moon which shines so bright ?

O, no—— it is the glory you reflect ;

By whose refulgence, lo ! I envied walk

(Stranger to fear) as in the blaze of day !

You on a sacred altar now repose :

O may you sleep in peace ! I am your priest,

And be assured, by me you are sanctified.

Whoever does approach your shrine too near,

Shall meet resentment, and my dire revenge ;

For you are dear, as well as near, to me.

When

When you my body compass round about,
 I then become to dangers more than proof:
 Secure in you, I am invulnerable!
 Nor dread I ought from fiends or giants
 wrath.

Now you are off, you are secure in me.
 On you, depends my more than mortal fate;
 None shall profane the altar where you rest:
 Forewarned, forearmed—who dares intrude
 shall die.

He quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that, had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon) P. 23.—20.

The Don was successful in this enterprize, and like *Cæsar* came and overcame. Though the place of the defeat was rather ignoble, it being (as we may say) in the *horse-trough*; yet the manner of the fall was gallant, for it was upon a full *career*. There lay the poor carrier, a monument of desperate unwariness, flat upon the ground; where also lay the Don's *noli me tangere*, which he took up, not much unlike *Æneas* frightened.

Arma amens cepit, nec sat rationis in Armis.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion.)

P. 23.—20.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum. It is necessary for all professions to have a little smack in the *accedens*. But the carriers were like their mules, not easily put out of their way. The second shared the same fate as the first. Great honour in this encounter was done to *Dulcinea*, who twice provoked, twice was propitious to her votary and lord.

The companions of the wounded seeing how their friends had been handled, began, at a distance, to discharge a shower of stones upon the Knight, who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield. P. 24.—21.

Ne Hercules contra duos. The Don out did the proverb, and was an *Hyper-Hercules*; for I do not remember, of all the labours of *Hercules*, that he ever encountered a shower of hail-stones. Here *Quixote* shewed undaunted courage, and extraordinary activity. Bearing his target on the end of his javelin, he sheltered himself very dexterously, and encountered the stones, which flew about his ears as thick as *atoms*.

As

As they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order.) P. 25.—22.

The installation, or rather instablation, of this *knight-errant*, differed widely from the ceremony of the Knights of the *Garter*, the *Golden Fleece*, or those of *Malta*. The *Don*, indeed, might have been *installed*, as it was so near to the *stable*. This creation of the *Don's*, resembled those of the *Ranterns* and *Hectors* of old, as the wenches attended; for their rites and customs were never fully executed, without the assistance of ladies, for *carnelevation*.

Muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation.) P. 25.—23.

I wonder the words of consecration were not expressed in the history: But it is probable, the host could not read in any book but that in which he kept the account of his provender. If the host had been honest, and kept his book literally just, *Rozinante* was certainly dubbed at the same time with his master. However, when we recollect the canonization of *Raviliack's* dagger; or, the benediction of *Faulks's* dark lanthorn, it must be allowed, that these *ultra-marine* ceremonies were extraordinary and singular. The
creation

creation being over, the ladies expected (as is usual) some recreation, and thought they had a right to be more nominally dubbed; but the Don's impatience to fall forth, made him rather remiss in his civility; however, the carriers supplied the Don's want of courtesy, not having exhausted all their courage in the late engagement.

C H A P. IV.

But remembering his landlord's advice, with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself, not only with these, but also with a Squire P. 27.—24.

VERBUM sapiento satum. Application is the life of doctrine: Wherefore the Don (not such a fool as some have imagined) faced about, and determined to go home; for though he had never heard of the reply made to *King James**, yet no doubt his apprehensive soul had found out, that there was somewhat warmer than two shirts. After much

* This hints at a story of King James, who said, in cold weather, "By my soul, there is nothing warmer than *two* shirts;" but was answered, that *three* were.

deliberation (which is best before great resolves) he concluded, it would be best to provide himself with money and linen, for the use of travelling; which prudent resolution pleased *Rozinante*, who tript merrily homewards, hoping to meet with better provision than picking a *common* fallad, and grazing gratis like geese.

And having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another.) P. 28.—25.

If *Rozinante* had not been a gelding, or stallion super-annuate, he might have committed a piece of horse-errantry, which would have exalted the *Don*, and doubtless have caused a new frontispiece to the history, in which his master might have been *cut* a story higher. A brewer's horse (in old times) performing an act of grace of this sort, first gave rise to the tilting of beer.

The *Don's* views (if he really had any) were more charitable; he meant to take pity on the boy, whose merciless master had tied him to the oak, in order to chastise his negligence. But when he attempted to settle the account of wages between them, he was

D

rather

rather an unfit umpire, considering how he had quitted scores with his host.

And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who transported with the success, &c.) P. 31.—28.

The Don was transported, with having, as he thought, released the boy from a flogging bout; and no sooner was his back turned, but the boy was also transported to the oak again, where he underwent a second, and severer punishment. Had a painter been on the spot, to have drawn the faces of the *Don* and the *boy*, they would have made no bad portraits of *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*; but *dicitur infectâ re rediisse donum*. The Don's imaginary happiness and exultation, was like the man who fell asleep in the empty theatre, and dreaming of the passages in the play, stamp, laughed, clapped, and hissed, as if the actors were really on the stage: *Vacuo sessor plausorque theatro*.

He found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and strait his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knight-errants in their choice.) P. 32.—29.

We knew before, that the Don was neither overwise, weatherwise, or penny-wise,
and

and we now find he was not way-wise ; though in this quadry-way, a more valiant man might have been at a stand, for here was four to one.

Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe, a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty empress of La Mancha. P. 33.—29.

This is the first challenge and proclamation of the lady's beauty. The Don will be here found a cryer in good earnest. It was a piece of madness in him, to proclaim her beauty and excellence to a company of merchants ; for they are a sort of gentry, who generally carry money in their pockets, to purchase what they have a mind for : They are too absolute, to be content with only idolizing their *enamoratas*. Go no farther than *Gyges*, for the *naked* truth of this.

The importance of my demand consists in your believing, acknowledging, affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty before you have seen it. P. 33.—30.

Most legally inforced. To have, hold, occupy, and enjoy, &c. lawyer like. But if the *Toledo* merchants were as knowing as

those of *London*, they doubtless wanted to see the commodity before they purchased. They were not for a pig in a poke; two words to the bargain. *Ignoti nulla cupido*. Give me the merchants judgments, not their leavings. But the Don was at his *sic volo, sic jubeo*; *Dulcinea* must be adored at all events; and doubtless, if the merchants had been blessed with a sight of her, they would have fell on their knees; not to worship her, but in undissembled prayer, to have begged of heaven for deliverance from such a sight for ever after.

Replied Don Quixote in a rage. P. 34.—31.

The conclusion of the merchant's speech left such a *sting* in the tail, that the Don was *nettled*; and had *Roxinante's* courage been equal to his master's, the merchants would doubtless have paid very dearly for their joking. But, O dire misfortune! he spurred his *Bucephalus* so violently, that the beast, in endeavouring to make an effort beyond his strength, found himself unequal to the task, and therefore made a vigorous—tumble; not only of himself, but his master, whose fall was neither so great, nor yet so *glorious*, as *Phæton's*, for when he fell, the world was on fire. Floundering on the ground he lay,
groping

groping like *Polypheme* without his eye. Happy would it have been, if, like *Ulysses*, he could have hid himself amongst the *mutations*, he then might have slept in a whole skin; not but his skin was *hole-ly*, before the merchants mule-driver had half vented his passion on him.

C H A P. V.

He was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos, and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain.)
P. 35.—33.

THIS poetical refuge of the Don's, was not so ridiculous as many have imagined, especially as it was the only one he could take. It has been frequently thought a piece of physical wisdom, to evaporate grief, by shaking the *diaphragma*; or, in other words, storming one passion with another. He endeavoured to relieve his mind from the recollection of a *dry basting*, by imagining it an honourable defeat, atchieved in the pursuance of some heroic design; and the miscarriage, as well as his bruises, he attributed to the

fault and failure of his horse. It was enough to have damped his high spirits, and to have extinguished this infant history, if he too sensibly, or too literally, had commented on the *bastinado*. The loss of his lance was a terrible stroke; it must be confessed; and though it only stuck emblematically on his sides, yet the fractures went to his heart. He that hath read *Seneca*, or *Boethius*, is well provided against any ordinary misfortune; and to have by heart the story of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*; the dolorous madrigals of old *Plangus* in the *Arcadia*; or the history of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, is a never failing remedy for the *mubble-fubbles*: For to be acquainted with sadness, besets familiarity, and familiars never kill one another, unless the devil is in them.

Sedatur lachrymis, egeriturque dolor.

Signor Quixada, said he (for so he was called before he had lost his senses.) P. 37.—34.

It would have been an unutterable affliction to have answered to that name, and to have returned to himself again. The trance of a drunken cobbler, who dreamed he was a lord, was not to be shaken off, but with the loss of life: When he came to be recollected, he was never his own man again.

To

To return to his leather apron, waxed fingers, and whistling to his black-bird, after such a lordly dream, put him to his *pol me occidistis amici*. When cobblers speak Latin, they have some ends.

*Non servastis (ait) cui sit extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.*

He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast.)
P. 37.—34.

One creature is ready to help another; though, *homo homini lupus*. The peasant's ass (though by nature *aurite*.) was never so prick-eared before, as when he heard the *Don* repeat the brave speech of the captive *Abencerraje*. He was so bruised by the *mule-driver* when he lay on the ground, that he was spoiled for a star-gazer; and was obliged to lay upon his belly on the beast, not being able to sit upright; and in this situation, he was something like his great brother *Antæus*, who always became refreshed by smelling to his mother earth.

When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his house-keeper was just saying, with a woeful countenance, some misfortune

fortune must certainly have happened to my master.) P. 38.—35.

Of this good old wife *Pyrrha*, mention has been made before. She could see lost pins, threadle a needle, and read without spectacles: She was one who had had her day, and knew what was what. She had been acquainted with the Don's father, and remembered the first time he smiled in his mother's face; and preserved a piece of the groaning cake, which she kept religiously with her *Good-Friday bun*, full forty * years unmouldy and unmouise-eaten. Now, that ever-wise woman should see her master come to this, to run a wooll-gathering.

* I have preserved this Note, but think *Mr. Gayton* blundered here, or like *Homer*, nodded and forgot himself; for *Cervantes* tells us, that the house-keeper was only turned of *forty*, and that the *Don* himself bordered upon *fifty*; how then, could she have known him an infant, when he first smiled in his mother's face?

C H A P. VI.

While the Knight was asleep, his friends came, and demanded of his niece the key of the closet, in which those books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept.) P. 42.—38.

This chapter (like that of a pedigree) is full of hard names. To pass it over in silence, would be unworthy of a commentator, and treating it like words in parenthesis, as well out, as in; or like many words in our Latin Dictionaries, which not being understood by the translators, are said to be the names of *places, persons, plants, birds, beasts, and fish!* But, this being a critical piece, and a censure of the most noble authors of errantry, as, also, a final condemnation of some of them to *Vulcan*, we must not *ex furore dare fumum*, give a snuff for a flaming taper. We therefore lament this *incendium trojæ*, this firing of the famous library, though not in such high terms as he for *Maro's* cried out——

*Ergò ibit in ignes
Stultaque vaniloqui Flagrabit Musa Quesadae.*

Which verses were made upon a similar misfortune, when the *annals* of the famous city of *Madrid* were all burnt to ashes, in the general

neral conflagration of *Father Benjamin's* * study; which contained the acts of chivalry of the twenty-four single *Signiora's* combats of the two *Consuls*; the tournaments of the common *Consiliarii*; the annual amphipolitical and tumultuary *certamina*, or feasts of the twenty-four societies, every *Prætorian* day; the duels and military performances of the never to be reconciled families, of enraged *Sir John Daw*, and incensed *Sir Amorous La-Fool*; the *Capulets* and *Montagues*; the *Eteocleans* and *Polyniceans*; the *Douglasses* and *Per-cies*; the *Guelfs* and *Guibblins*, &c. &c. &c.

——— *Quis talia Fando,
Temperet à Lachrymis?*

Begging pardon of the reader, for this digression, I return to the *note*, from whence we may observe, that love is not always the cause of madness; for we see by woeful experience, that by perusing such books, the *vertigo* seizes the brains, which being voluminous (as may be seen in a calve's head) they are greatly injured by volumes of a contrary make, especially those that are simple.

* I suppose Mr. Gayton means *Father Benjamin*, a *Spanish Jew*, who is said to have written a journal of all the remarkable things in the world.

Sage with brains is good; *rosemary*, an excellent *cephalic*; *time*, *savory*, and *sweet marjoram*, in good pottage, make delightful *settle-brain*. But the *simples* and *leaves* of *errantry* (as we find by experience) are noxious to the brain, consequently to the head; and we know, *caput malum, est caput malorum*.

And immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a sprig of hysoy, saying, "Here, " master licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the " closet, lest some one of the many enchanter's " contained in these books, should exercise his art " upon us.") P. 42.—38.

This over zealous house-keeper, should have desired the curate to have sprinkled her with the holy water, who being a very *Hecuba*, and unquenchable *boutefeu*, proved a firebrand to the Don's study. Had she been ducked out of her *balneo mariæ*, many books might have escaped, which her dry malice, or rheumatic ignorance condemned (without *index expurgatorius*, or *melius inquirendum*) to the flames. A worse fate, than consigning them to the œconomical uses of covering tarts and custards; or dedicating them to the service of *Gloacina's* temple. The curate and the barber were more merciful, and would have spared many of them; but the woman, with a truly pious, and papistical spirit, was
for

for burning all the heretics. Though some historian (his name I have really forgot) does affirm, that the barber, who had a sneaking kindness for the niece (and she for him) did prevail on the damsel to spare some, which she hid under her petticoats for her intended's use; and it is further added, that that very night they underwent a *second* impressi^on. I have inserted this anecdote, because it is not mentioned by *Cervantes*.

The licentiate, smiling at the old house-keeper's simplicity, desired the barber to hand him the books.) P. 42.—39.

The library ladder was mounted, like the execution scaling stairs; and the barber, like *Jack Ketch*, fell to work with the books. Down they went, folios, quartos, &c. &c. stitched and bound, without regard to rank or titles; whether printed at *Anticyra*, or by the approbation of the *College of Gotham, cum privilegio*, or *sine*; while the licentiate, like the *Ordinary of Newgate*, gave ghostly counsel to some, and to others, the dreadful words of, *ite malam in crucem*, farewell and be burnt. Happy would it have been, if the Don's books, like those in public libraries, had been fastened to the shelves, then probably these censurers might have permitted them to have
hung

hung in their own chains, *in terrorem*, to all knight-errant scribblers for ever.

The first that master Nicholas delivered into his hands, were the four volumes of Amadis de Gaul.) P. 43.—39.

The original of *knight-errantry*, has been a great subject of controversy. I am of opinion, that *Amadis de Gaul* was not the first book of that nation; for it is supposed, that they were descended from the Jews, who were, and are, errant over the whole world; and it is not to be doubted, but many books of this nature, are to be found in the *Hebrew* language. Therefore, that *Amadis* was the first is very improbable. What were the heroes of the *Iliad*? the *Ænead*, the *Pigmies*, the *Giants*, and *Giganto-machi*? certainly of more famous and reverend antiquity.

This that comes next, said the barber, is Amadis of Greece.) P. 43.—39.

Amadis of Greece, might probably be the most ancient of the *d'Amadis*ses. We have very good authority for the country in general.

———*Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ.*

Græculus esuriens in cælum jusseris ibit.

E

Which

Which was further than ever any Knight-errant went. And as to the particular places, *Aratus* (the Greek poet and astrologer) testifies for the *Cretians*, that they were liars without intermission.

Ben Johnson dedicated his Comedy of *Volpone*, or the *Fox*, to the universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*; but fox-like, knowing their quarrels and contentions for antiquity, stiled them *most equal sisters*: So of the two brothers in errantry, *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Amadis of Greece* (least books should quarrel about trifles, like men) I shall stile them *fratres fraterrimi*. The licentiate was not so merciful; he was for saving the oldest, at the expence of the younger; whereas he should have preserved the latter, and have sacrificed the former, who being of the *oldest house*, was fittest for the fire.

And indeed, the same thing will happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy which is found in the original.) P. 45.—41.

Aurea hæc verba. Translations are, generally, the stains and shadows of their parents, and only gain reputation from the merits of
their

their original authors, unless in the hands of men of genius and abilities. Let *Englishmen* write themselves; rather than translate; and it will be found we have some amongst us, equal in genius to the ancients. *Spencer's Fairy Queen*; the *Arcadia*; *Paradise Lost*; the Works of *Drayton*; *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Randolph*, *Gondibert*, and many others (not to mention the moderns) are of eternal fame. However, it would be happy for this nation, if we translated nothing from foreign countries but their books; but alas! we translate their follies and vices too; even our modes of dress are of exotic extraction!

Pudet hæc opprobria vobis,

Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

If we must be translating, let us translate our vices to their original quarters. Be just, and give to every country that which is their own: to *Germany*, her ebriety; to *Spain*, her ambition; to *France*, her levity; to *Turky*, her polygamy; to *Greece*, her lies; to *Rome*, her superstition; to *Venice*, her jealousy and revenge; to *Ireland*, her impudence; and to *Scotland*, her treachery. This done, I am afraid it will be found, that our own vices will be more than we shall chuse to acknowledge.

Let the English Palmerin be defended and preserved as an inestimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him, as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer.) P. 46.
—42.

Gratias hispane! I could almost kiss thy large *Moor-lips*, for this favour. But had he known the histories of *Sir Eglamore*, *John Dory*, *Robin Hood*, the *Pindar of Wakefield*, with many others more modern, but equally meritorious, such as *Jemmy Jessamy*, *Betsy Thoughtless*, &c. &c. and, indeed, most of those delicate novels composed for the use of circulating libraries, he would, without doubt, have recommended them to the *vatican*, without any *index expurgatorius*, or censure at all.

Pray Sir, said the niece, be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest.) P. 48.—44.

These were the works of divers poets. The *Don's* niece was neither wise nor beautiful, and certainly never had a lover, whose passion and ingenuity prompted him to bestow a copy of verses on her *mopsa's* face, otherwise she would have shewn more mercy to men of this profession, who get little by their wit (God knows) if they cannot purchase a damsel's good will. If the female
world

world were all so hard hearted, what would become of a number of distracted wights, who constantly exhibit their amorous complaints in magazines and daily news-papers, in ingenious *acrostics*, the first letters of which bear the names of their beloved objects? or are sometimes concealed under the curious device of a *rebus*.

However, the gentler breasts of the virginities of London, are more compassionate; and are composed of such mould, as to be easily moved, if a ballad of *Jane Shore*, or *Sally Saltsbu-ree*, is revived; or any new pastoral figment makes its appearance (in a half-penny publication) wherein *Colin* and *Phæbe* lament the obstinancy of cruel parents, and their unfortunate love; till at last, the shepherd becomes desperate, and marries her by force (which, indeed, is an act of desperation) being determined to obtain her by *hook* or by *crook*.

And his own verses, out of his own mouth, are the admiration of every body; for he chants them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted.) P. 49.—45.

Just as much, I suppose, as a Greek oration, excellently delivered by a student who stood for election, enchanted one of the auditors (a man of consequence) so much, that he

was profuse in his praise; which so surprized the electors, who were really scholars, that they desired to know how long he had been skilled in the *Greek* tongue? to which he answered, "That, he did not understand a tittle of it, but he liked it, because it sounded bravely.

*Graius deditore ratundo
Musa loqui.*

*Greek is pronounced wrong,
Unless you troll it o'er the tongue.*

I have heard, that the poets of the *Fortune* and *Red-Bull*, had always a mouth-measure for the use of their actors (who like some of our modern ones were terrible tear-throats) and made their lines proportionable to their compass, which was *sesquipedales*, a foot and a half.

The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica.) 50.—46.

Crepit ingens Sejanus. Down went *Retont* and *Pellican*, *Sericon* and *Buso*. If these books had been old shirts, much might have been saved

saved in tinder; enough, probably, to have served the *Mancha* till the day of resurrection: But paper (though it is made of rags), is the most unprofitable of all things set on fire. It was impossible, even by the labour of *Alchymy*, to recover the least resemblance of the principles, from the ashes of these monumental histories. Otherwise the Don, out of regard to these authors, would have made a venture, and might have been as famous upon record, for chymical experiments, as he is at this day for heroic undertakings.

One act of grace passed however; *Angelica's Tears* escaped martyrdom; though it was for fear they would have extinguished the fire.

C H A P. VII.

While they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud.) P. 50.—47.

AS in other fires of wood and coals, many imagine they see the shapes of men, lions, horses, and other strange things; so the Don (by the light of the book-fire) apprehended he saw the most desperate *tourney* that ever was performed by Knights. This roused his valourous soul from his bed to action; and being deprived of his arms (for his lance was shattered past the cure of a joiner;

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joiner; and his helmet so despicably broken in pieces, it would have puzzled a smith even to have made nails of the remnants) he marched naked about his chamber, and gave battle to the defenceless walls. In high conceit;

In prælio trudit inermem.

*Soon as the Don awaked,
He fell to fighting naked.*

This situation of the Don's was somewhat similar to that of a young student's at *Oxford*; who having drank too freely at a tavern in the city, was carried to his own apartment at college by his companions. He waked in the night, intollerably thirsty and inflamed in his throat, and supposing himself still at the tavern, he called out, "Waiter, waiter, "I thirst, I burn, bring me something to "drink;" but not receiving any liquor, nor so much as an answer, he became impatient, and being determined to raise the house by violence, he threw his shoes, and every thing he could find, against the glasses and windows, till the noise waked some of his fellow collegians; who, when they found out the real cause of the disturbance, had great difficulty to reconcile their friend to his windows and situation; or the action of battery would
not

not have been repaired with his whole year's income.

Certainly, my lord archbishop Turpin.) P.
51.—47.

Imaginary fancies, make strong impressions upon masculine (as well as feminine) spirits. A gentleman, on a rejoicing night at one of the public halls, was desired to accept of the character of mock emperor or governor. On his compliance, he was created with much wit and ceremony by twelve mock-electors. The emperor ascended his chair of state, which was placed upon an eminence, and was installed with all possible homage, pomp and reverence, by the whole company. Being strongly tinctured before with the spirit of self-conceit, he now became the most solemn, pompous, tyrannical blockhead, that ever sat on a throne. *Holland* the player, performing the part of *Bajazet* in *Tamerlane*, or *Phyrrus* in the *Distress'd Mother*, is a fool to what he was. *Alexander* upon his elephant, nay, upon the castle on the elephant, was not so pompous and exalted: And so strongly did this nights imaginary honour work upon his fancy, that he was never able to shake it off, till the time came that extinguishes all things, and dropping the curtain, closes the scene on all our actions, real and imaginary.

Another

Another remedy, which the curate and barber prescribed for the dystemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them.) P. 52.—48.

This proposed delusion, was good *pro tempore*. I knew a humorous cook at Oxford, who was perpetually shifting and altering the doors and rooms of his house. One morning early he changed the door belonging to a stair-case, which led to one of his lodger's apartments; who having been in bed during the alteration, came down hastily as usual when he rose, and found his head stuck fast in a new mud-wall; and as he was going about some *necessary* business, it is a doubt, whether (by this forcible detainer) his head or his heels were in the worst pickle.

Some what similar to this, is the following story :

A student being called upon by his companions to go and partake of a merry-making supper, in his hurry, left his study door open. He did not return till it was late, and then much in liquor; and not perceiving the door open, passed through the study till he came to the window, where he stopt, and endeavoured to find the door, in order, as he imagined, to let himself in; but being too drunk to perceive

ceive his mistake, he concluded he had been robbed of his study, and cried out “thieves, thieves, I am robbed of my study;” which alarm, brought his companions to him, who found he had lost nothing but his wits; and conducting him to the door, bid him lock it, and they would be answerable for his loss in the morning.

It was not the devil, cried the niece; but an enchanter that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship’s departure, and alighted from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having staid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke.) P. 53.—49.

The fertility of this young woman’s brain, and her happy invention in telling lies to impose on her uncle, has not been equalled by any one that ever I met with, except by *Elizabeth Canning*, of pious and immortal memory; whose lamentable story, and deplorable sufferings, alarmed, and confounded the whole British nation; and was the occasion of such disputes, controversies, feuds and animosities, as will never be reconciled to the end of time; though most probably as equally fallacious, as this girl’s account of the enchanter on the flying dragon, who (she affirmed) had
carried

carried away the *Don's* study. Though we have since been alarmed with an affair, equally as extraordinary and mysterious; which attracted the admiration and curiosity, not only of the vulgar, but of some of the most respectable and learned men in the nation. The reader, I make no doubt, will readily perceive, this last circumstance alludes to the memorable imposture of the *Cock-Lane* ghost.

He said also, that his name was the Sage Munaton, "you mean Freston," said Don Quixote.) P. 53.—49.

This enchanter is of no note, for I do not find his name in any of the famous authors of *Dæmonology*; nor is he so much as mentioned in *Cornelious Agrippa*; no, not even in the *Sheperds Calender*.

And promising him such mountains of wealth, that this poor simpleton determined to follow, and serve him in quality of Squire.) P. 54.—50.

The *Don's* bait was alluring; *Sancho* nibbled at it, and so the gudgeon was caught. The bubble hope, buoyed him up, on which he flattered himself he should float to the island his master promised he would make him the governor of; but alas!

Multa tulit fecit que puer, sudavit, & alsit.

Above

Above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet.) P. 55.—51.

The afs (which *Sancho* also promised to take) and the wallet, were two very unsuitable and inauspicious things for such grand designs. But if the reader ever read the history of *Masfello*, a poor fisherman, he will think nothing impossible. In days of yore, an afs was a very respectable creature; but in this nation we have now so many (among which some are in human shapes) that they are held in great contempt: And as to the wallet, it was capable of being filled with things of the greatest importance; nay, in one corner of it, might be contained what would overturn the most opulent nation in the world.

With regard to the afs, Don Quixote demurred a little.) P. 55.—51.

Parvis principiis res magnæ crescunt. If *Sancho* had been blessed with *Bucephalus* to have rode upon, the world could but have gazed on him; and so they did though he rode on an afs. Excesses and defects have always the same effects. *Si fortuna volet, fies de Rhetore Consul.* Which I for the *Don's* comfort translate as follows, though not literally.

F

If

*If it seems good to powerful fate,
The ass may prove a horse of state.*

Most noble *Don*, be not dismayed, take the ass along with you, and be not ashamed of your brother; though his ears are unsightly, his back will be servicable. No beast, except a dromedary (and *Sancho* upon the ass makes one) will be able to undergo the spoils your valour will achieve.

*Mount, Cheval mount, and thro' all nations pass,
That word mounts thee, and Sancho mounts his
ass.*

Sancho Panza journeying upon his ass, like a venerable patriarch.) P. 55.—52.

Whether the primitive patriarchs rode so (I mean before the flood) is a matter of doubt. Asses, indeed, were then in use, but I find no mention of wallets, unless it was in the great famine, when they went down to *Egypt* to buy food. Our modern patriarchs do not travel in so despicable a manner, nor the patriarch of *Constantinople*, or *Alexandria*; nor his *Holyness* the patriarch, nor even the archbishop of *Toledo*. These patriarchs being more than governors of islands, disdain riding on ass or mule; what *Sancho* would have done had he rose to honour, no one can tell.

“ In

“ In that case,” replied Sancho, “ if I should ever become a King, by any of those miracles which your worship mentions, my Duck Juana Gutierrez would also be a Queen.”) P. 56.—52.

It would have been queen of sluts then, for according to the author’s account, she was a draggled-tailed lady; and a great damp to the aspiring genius of *Sancho*. For a man of his expectations to be depressed with such a trapes, was an intollerable circumstance; a weight which seemed to impede his flight to fame and to honour. A dung-boat sunk in a shallow stream, is not easily removed to make way for a wherry.

Though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would sit seemly on the head of Mary Gutierrez.) P. 56.—53.

Sancho’s character of his wife, calls to mind the story of a simple woman, who for want of a few grains of discretion, deprived her husband of some of the highest advantages in the world. The good man, lived an industrious, honest life, contented without murmuring. Fortune seemed to smile upon him, whenever he visited her temple. The gracious looks of the goddess, encouraged him to ask an extraordinary favour, which was, that her goodness would confer three wishes on

F 2

him;

him; which was answered from the oracle, *ratified—wish—and be happy*. The man acquainted his wife with his good fortune, but she was just such another ninny as *Sancho's* wife, and begged her husband to let her have one of the wishes at her disposal; the good man, willing to oblige her, granted her request. To the fair they went, whither they were bound, and the dame wished for a ladle which she saw. The husband, provoked at her folly in thus prostituting the blessing, wished the ladle in her breech, which, without delay, was in the desired place. The wife was so tormented (besides her shame) that the poor husband had no rest till the impediment was removed, and therefore, in charity to his wife, condescended to employ the third wish for her benefit, which was to recall the ladle. Thus, from the folly of indiscretion, how often do we misapply the bounties of heaven, and turn our blessings into curses?

C H A P. VIII.

"I would your worship would take notice," replied Sancho, "that those you see yonder are no giants, but wind-mills.) P. 57.—53.

THIS gross mistake of the *Don's*, was undoubtedly owing to his not clearing his eyes in a morning, which *Sancho* never failed to do, in expectation of seeing the wished-for island. If the *Don* was the sharpest wit, *Sancho* had the clearest eyesight; for he could discern at a great distance, that the wind-mills were nothing more than what they appeared to be. Probably such a spiritual mischance befell the *Don's* eyes, as once happened to a person's ears, who paid great attention to a sermon, but could not hear one word articulately; which troubled him the more, as he saw one, at a greater distance from the pulpit than he was, taking the sermon down in short-hand: Upon this he shifted his station, to where the person stood, thinking very philosophically, that the angles of the church might convey the sound to the circular concaves more strongly in that place; but when he found that change of place made no difference, and that the other person could hear upon the spot he stood on, though he could not, he did not know which to wonder at most, his own deafness, or the other

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person's acuteness. At last he asked him "if he was really taking down what the parson preached;" to which the other answered in the affirmative: "That is very strange," said he, "for I cannot distinguish a word he says;" "That may be," said the *brachygrapher*, "perhaps, your ears are not *sensitized*."

If thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat.) P. 58.—54.

Sancho was not over religious, yet he chose rather to pray than to fight. His prayers were pithy and short, for he saw the danger his master was in, and knew he would soon want his assistance.

*God preserve and bless me,
And my wife above knee,
With my children all three.*

To speak critically, it was wrong in the knight to give *Sancho* leave to pray; nor was the Squire commendable in taking him at his word, and be upon his knees, when the Don was upon his sally; unless we consider, that *Sancho* was hardly initiated into the profession; however, though he was not
a com-

a compleat champion, yet he knew enough to obey orders, and therefore was excusable.

And both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.)

P. 58—54.

Notwithstanding the mill was in motion, the Don attacked it, and no doubt, had *Rozinante* been a mill-horse (as his master by one attribute was a miller) they had carried the business round; but in the present case, the mill had the best of it. The picture of *Icarus* falling into the sea, which afterwards bore his name, is an exact representation of the *Don's* flight from the sails of the wind-mill to the ground, who fell rather a *Gentaur* than a man.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance.) P. 58—54.

Poor *Sancho* lamented the windfall his master, and gathered him up like a bruised codlin, a little corrupted on the *leiger* side. It has been a matter of great controversy, whether, in memory of the *Don's* disastrous misfortune, wind-mills should not ever since have gone to the left. The observation has escaped the learned author of the *vulgar errors*, nor do I remember to have met with it in
the

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the *Philosophical Transactions*, and therefore I
shall not attempt the decision.

Diego Perez de Vargas.) P. 59.—55.

This Knight, from his victory over the *Moors*, obtained with the branch of an oak, was afterwards surnamed *Machuca*, which may be translated *John á Nokes*. From the *Don's* late encounter, he might have stiled himself a knight of *Millan*. *Scipio*, from his victory over *Carthage*, was called *Africanus*; and the *Cæsars* took names from their successes, as, *Almanicus*, *Gothicus*, *Britannicus*, *Germanicus*, &c. &c. And as *Claudius* was famous for exploits of another nature, he was called *Ca-raticus*; and the *Don*, had *Sancho* understood Latin, might have been called *Querceticus* of the *Mancha*.

Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his Squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased.) P. 60.—56.

This was the first symptom of the *Don's* inclination to mirth; for by his countenance he was scarcely supposed to be rational. *Sancho's* query, was very sensible and provident; for he considered, he had now two capacities, one *personal*, the other *Squire-errantical*; and therefore it was worth the enquiry, in which
of

of these capacities he should suffer. For, if the *Squire's* arms, legs, or neck, were broke, it was of no consequence, provided *Sancho Panza* was left a whole man. But the Don stated the question in the affirmative, and asserted that the bodies of Knight and Squire-errants did also suffer personally (as witches and enchanters are not exempt from punishments, when they assume the shapes and forms of other creatures) for as errantry is but a noble kind of witchcraft, we may conclude *à simili*, that it is subject to the same inconveniencies—Excellent logic.—The knight (though none of the wisest) experimentally knew (which is the surest knowledge, though not always the safest) that when the knight-errant was in the air, *Don Quixote* was there also; and that when he and *Rozinante* fell to the ground, the Squire was then *couchant*, in a *field green*, nose *gules*, sides and back *azure*. From this wonderful reasoning, we learn, that the question may be stated either for personal or political capacities; if you hurt one, you hurt both.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner-time.) P. 60.—56.

As *Sancho* jogged on, the bags of the wallet itemed him on each side, and they were
mementos

mementos he liked very well. He was for a *fall to*, rather than a *fall from*—the wind-mill; but the Don had no appetite, not having digested his late feast of fresh air. The bottle and the wallet were two good companions to *Sancho*, on which he rode in *Perfian* state, for the ends of the wallet being on each side, he possessed the middle place, which (in those eastern countries) is the highest in honour. He frequently raised the bottle to his mouth, and by this means raised his eyes to heaven, on which he seldom looked so devoutly as in that posture; so that whether he would or not, he sometimes called to remembrance, that there was something above him.

*So Cyrus on a dromedary rode,
Adorning, like poor Sancho, his warm'd God.*

Thou must by no means, even so much as lay thy hand upon thy sword, with design to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vulgar and low-born antagonists.) P. 61.—57.

Sancho was a very peaceable man; and therefore had no objection to obey his master's commands; yet, if they had been given before the late encounter, he must have entered into the service of danger; for what castle more base than a wind-mill? or what
rogue

rogue more vile than the pilfering giant in it? But *Sancho* not being dubbed, was exempted from fighting, and doubtless he never intended to take his degree, that he might for ever stand excused.

“*This will be worse than the wind-mills,*” cried *Sancho*; “*for the love of God, Sir, consider, that these are Benedictine Friars.*”) P. 63.—58.

The Don (contrary to the advice of *Sancho*) attempted this more dangerous adventure; for the wind-mills could only grind the body, but those *Friars* have a power to grind *purse, body, soul, and all*. Priests in Spain are more reverend, and their coat of higher price than in England. In Spain it is five pounds a blow at least, and as the Don was dextrous in his onsets, he might soon have thrashed away the whole revenue of the *Mancha* upon their canonical coats; beside the danger of the inquisition, of which *Sancho* was more afraid than the devil; for there, neither wallet or bottle gain admittance, nor any thing but bread and water, which latter was a worse torment to him than the furies; for which reason he often comforted himself, that the world would never be drowned again, for of all deaths he hated it; and like *Ovid*, though not with him, often cried out,

Demite

Demite naufragium, Mors mihi munus erit.

Which I shall translate for *Sancho*, agreeable to his own wishes.

*To drink, indeed, is all my wish;
But how?—not to drink like a fish*.*

Sancho Panza seeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his ass with great agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stripped their master.) P. 64.—59.

Non videt id Manticae quod in tergo est? *Sancho* had seen capuchines before now, and knew where their stock and their wallets lay; no *Irish* trooper, or *Jew* after a battle more dextrous and expert. From hence we may conclude, that *Sancho* imagined his business was to seize the plunder. The Squire for the *bag*, the Knight for the *baggage*, for the *Don*, was all this while in close conversation with the ladies in the

* Our author thinks *Sancho* is like the felon, that was going to be hanged over a river, and seeing one of his comrades, who was turned off before him, break the rope and drop into the water, begged for a stronger rope, lest he should be drowned as the other was.

coach;

coach; while *Sancho* made an adventure of robbery, but was taken in the fact; and having to deal with two unmerciful judges (the resolute servants) never was horse so curried between two *Yorkshire* jockies as he was. *Sancho* pleaded his right to plunder by the law of arms; but his adversaries (unacquainted with civil law) used him very barbarously. The friar made off to his companion, with more speed than he would have done, to have been made archbishop of *Toledo*; and though he had quoted a commandment to *Sancho*, *thou shalt not steal*, yet his piety never prompted him to prescribe one to his servants, viz. *thou shalt not kill*; against which they were very near offending, for they left poor *Sancho* breathless, and that was next to murder: In head and beard, according to the history, he was created a monk, but of the order of the *Maledictines*.

“Get thee gone, Cavalier, go to the devil, I say; nor, by the God that made her, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, she will kill thee dead, as sure as she was a *Biscayan*.” P. 65—60.

The *Biscayan* was a *Castril*, and no doubt the baggages in the coach were his sisters. And though he swore he would kill the Knight, yet *Quixote*, considering the infalli-

bility of his security in being a Knight-errant, supposed that it was impossible ever to be absolutely killed, and therefore resolved to give him battle, and called him *Caitiff* to his face, which was the greatest affront to a *Biscayaner* (who is *terrâ marique*) that could be offered; though if he had been tossed, as the Don was by the wind-mill, in *concavum lunæ*, no doubt but he would have been a gentleman by all the four elements. Two such high spirits never met before, more implacable than *Clinias* and *Dæmetas*. *Cervantes* leaves his history here uncertain, as to the issue of the combat, which (however it went with them) was notorious on the brutes side, for *Rezinante* run down the adversary's tired hackney.

*And if the horse such praises had,
The Don got more, or he was mad.*

End of the FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

B O O K II.

C H A P. I.

In the first book of this history, we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote, with their gleaming swords brandished aloft.) P. 68.
—64.

THIS pause in the history, is like an *isthmus*, or *peninsula*, which dividing two enraged seas, by its natural interposition, keeps them from precipitating one into the other; or else as *Lucan* says, *ionium Ægea frangit mare*. The combatants were stags of mettle; for as on each side of an *isthmus*, by the iterated beatings and rebeatings of the sea, the salt froth and spirituous bubbles float to the shore; so upon this *Pharſalian* plain, the drivings of these embossed rivals (who foamed like two chafed boars, or blown mastiffs) were as visible: Nor were their beasts in less agony; and from their excessive heat, evaporation and lather (had there been water near) they would have been no bad subjects, or rather substitutes, for the sport of the *soaped bull*.

The delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author, where or how that which is wanting may be found. P. 68.—64.

This was a Spanish quirk, a maze of the author's own making, as intricate as his brains; to puzzle and withhold the inflamed reader, whom he would make believe, for the dignity and antiquity of his history, that it was written in the *Arabian* language, and translated by a learned *Hebrean*. I am clearly of another opinion, though I like his invention, for he wisely considered, that our venerable passion for antiquity would make us think it of more importance (though ever so trifling) than if it had been a modern work.

This same Dulcinea, so often mentioned in the history, is said to have had the best hand at salting pork, of any woman in La Mancha. P. 70.—66.

This is the first character we have of *Lady Dulcinea's* excellencies; and, indeed, it is enough to provoke a Jew to laughter, notwithstanding his abhorrence to swines flesh; which hatred, besides the prohibition, was greatly increased by the devil's entering into the herd of swine. That this commendation of *Dulcinea's* excellence may not appear
ridi-

ridiculous, I shall illustrate it with two short stories.

A gentleman having some friends to supper with him one evening, where, among other things (having killed a pig) were some hog's-puddings which were greatly commended by all the company; said, "friends, be it known to you, my wife is an abomination good pudding-wife."

Another, being drinking and gaming late at a tavern, and having lost all his money, began to repent; and reflecting upon his family at home, laid his hand upon his breast, and said very pathetically, "what a wicked wretch am I, to be here drinking and gaming, when alas! even at this late hour, is my poor wife making hog's puddings and candles."

For all historians ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, or affection, may mislead them from the road of truth.) P. 72.—68.

Lipsius could have said no more to *Tacitus*, who were both better politicians than historians; for by giving their own censures, conjectures, and reflections, they shewed their art indeed, but not their faith. When historians take liberties of this sort, they make their readers suspect their authenticity; how-

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ever, our *modern* historians are more exact, and take every thing from tradition, without ever adding one wise word of their own.

The flaming swords of the two valiant and incensed combitants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell.) P. 73.—69.

The giants and the gods for the time, were not so hot at it as the *Don* and *Biscayan*. Reader, have you ever seen two men driving a buck? two beating hemp? or lastly (which was most like it) the two threshers, who quarrelling about the division of the harvest bottle, bestowed on each other, what was due to the sheaves?

Where is the man who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner?) P. 73.—69.

Quæ dixit & quæ fecit? What said he not? what did he not? He did not regard the loss of his ear, but became more enraged, and with one blow vanquished him, and laid him flat on the ground *semi-mortuus, sepulchrorum & manium penicola*. We doubtless should have seen his head on the *Don's* spear, had not the ladies flew from the coach, to
the

the assistance of their *Hector*, and humbly begged of our knight on *their* knees, to save the life of one who had served them on *his* for many a long year, both by day and by night.

C H A P. II.

Such as these are not adventures of islands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear:) P. 75.—71.

THE pitcher seldom goes often to the well, but it comes home broken at last. This proverb, if the Spaniard had known it, would have suited the Don's late disaster, notwithstanding he was victorious. But it is honourable on entering into the business of knight-errantry, to meet with losses and crosses; to have the *tyracinium* difficult and laborious. The unfavourable, but auspicious hoist of the wind-mill, (for in that elevation he saw all the castles he was to conquer, with *Sancho's* island too) the castigation of the friar's footmen; and the disastrous battle with the *Biscayan*, were preludes and trials of his bravery: *Ardua virtutis via*; and who-soever is to make his way through thorns, briars, and quicksets, may be content to lose only an ear in the passage.

“ Sir,”

"Sir," said he, "methinks it would be the wisest course for us to retreat to some church; for as he with whom you fought remains but in a sorry condition, it is odds but they inform the holy brotherhood of the affair, and have us apprehended.) P. 76.—71.

Ignavi semper specie prudent in admonent. Cowards are always great politicians, and hugh creators of dangers and safeties. *Sancho* was afraid of a hugh and cry, for the *insultum fecit* upon the monk; and it had liked to have been a *clausum fregit*, if the footmen had not interposed and prevented the burglary. *Sancho* had two reasons for his caution; security of person, and conveniency of revictualling; for the contents of the wallet were expended, and his belly empty and lank, so that there were two wallets on one beast. He loved to make a cloak bag of his belly, wherein he desired one day's provision before hand at least. Monasteries were places he delighted in, because the monks were well spread men, of ample size, having bodies capable of large undertakings, wherein the soul was not pinched, straightened, or confined within a narrow compass.

"See

"Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood.") P. 76.—72.

The brotherhood were impowered to take up all suspicious persons, in order to prevent robberies on the roads; under which denomination Squire-errants were liable to be apprehended, and comprehended. Knight-errants being for the holy-sisterhood, were in no danger of such bug-bears; nor *Sancho* need not have trembled, for he who was to be secure from the *Philistines*, could apprehend nothing from constables, or the vigilant *Capitolian* watchmen.

For I have got some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet.) P. 77.—72.

Sancho had pilfered his wife's *unguentum album*, with which she soddered up the chinks in her ruinous face; so that the poor woman, for want of it, and the thief that stole it, gaped till his return, like the parched earth in a drought.

If I had remembered to take a phial of the balsam of fierabras, one single drop of which would save abundance of time and trouble.) P. 77.—72.

It]

It should have been called *opobalsamum*, for the rarity of so transcendent an operation. This seems to have been an imaginary balsam, good only, I am afraid, for imaginary wounds. *Phantasies* being asked, in that learned play of *Lingua*, what a man thought of, when he thought of nothing? with great presence of mind smartly replied, "His thoughts are then employed how to answer him that asketh nothing." So for no wound no balsam is best. This balsam *fierabras*, was of near affinity to the sympathetic powder, which once did wonderful things. A strange, but true story of its effects, I shall entertain the reader with.

A lady happened to fall a sleep with some needles in her mouth, which she unhappily swallowed; the disaster being dangerous, and her husband afraid of intestine turnpikes, physicians were called from the four corners, with a regiment of surgeons and apothecaries. A counsel was held, and no conclusive result; till at last a little *Paracelsian* apothecary prescribed a clyster, with three hundred ingredients, which may all be found in the *Pharmacopœa*; but the chief *prædominator*, was to be two grains of *pulvis magneticus*, or powder of load-stone; which having the *misceatur* and *condiatur* by direction, was administered by the *pigmy minos* himself. It worked
so

so appositely and sympathetically, that the occult qualities of the load-stone, presently exerted their virtues so vigorously, as soon to attract the needles; the other impulses assisting at the same time, in expelling them at the *qua data porta* so violently, that the apothecary had not time to get out of the way, but was wounded all over his face with the needles. He was carried out to his fellow artists, who wrote *probatum est* on the remedy; and in consequence of the damages he had received from the experiment, it was agreed, that the sole use and benefit of the medicine should be ceded to, and invested in him; and the lady's husband giving him *pulvis auratus* for his *sympatheticus*, all parties were pleased and satisfied.

"Thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness."

P. 77.—73.)

The quacks of Ludgate-Hill and the Old-Bailey, would rejoice to be in possession of this wonderful *panacea*; and by the bye, it is shrewdly suspected, that the college of physicians

ficians would have no objection to the secret. But according to *Quixote's* account, the grand art is in the judicious conjunction of the dis-united parts; for in case of a *solutio continui* but for a moment (should the head, be a head of gold) all would be lost. We have, indeed, seen a *calves* head cleft in two by a butcher, and immediately (*ictu oculi*, as we say) fixed together again by the help of a piece of thread, which should always be in readiness, for it is the *thread of life*. But if an ear be separated from the head, as was the Don's case, not *Fierabras*, nor *Paracelsus* himself, nor *Bacon's* head of brass, could work a cure.

"*Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head,*" replied Don *Quixote*, "*therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight.*"') P. 79.—74.

Sancho was determined to keep his master just. If a Turk lays his hand upon his head, he will never deceive you, nor will a Jew, if he pats you on the thigh. So a Knight-errant, if he lifts his eyes and hands to heaven, cannot be released from an oath, or an engagement, unless the matter itself should be null; as if for example, he had sworn to
main-

maintain *Dulcinea's* virgin honour, against all attempts and violence of other knights, and she unknown to him, (though not to others) should have ventured on a trial of her potentiality to procreation, and had the scruple of her mind satisfied. In such a case, the *Casuists* say, *juramentum est irritum*, or as others have it, *irritum est juramentum*. But the Don was *errant* in his rage, and had forgot that the *Biscayne* was a military trophy, sent upon *parole* to *Dulcinea* of *Toboso*; for which reason the oath was void, as to the *vindicative* part; though the *self-denying* part (which was a voluntary and sacramental renunciation of clean linen at bed and board) was to be kept, unless he purchased a dispensation from Rome: Though we do not read that he wandered so far out of the way, but inviolably kept as much of it as concerned his sheets and shirts; like the arch-dutcheß of *Austria*, at the siege of *Ostend*.

“ I have got here in my bags,” said Sancho, “ an onion, a slice of cheese, and a few crusts of bread.”) P. 80.—75.

Venter caret auribus. Though the onion was not good for the eyes, it was impossible it should effect the Don's left ear; strong smells being no annoyance to the sense of hearing: Yet, why may not the senses make

bold with one another's objects? We hear it commonly said, *I have smelt out his meaning; I have smelt out what you would have; I have smelt out what you are doing.* Though this last may sometimes be said with great propriety. And again we say, *let me see what you say;* so of hearing, if bad air may be smelt we may conclude, that it may be seen, felt, or understood.

“ *I do not say, Sancho, that Knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields.*) P. 81—76.

Sancho was a very *Ingrum*; he could neither write nor read; a very beast, and therefore fit for nothing but to pick fallads, which being the chief food (as the only *parable*) wherewith the nature of Knight-errants was contented; what could be expected, but faint performances from *grafs* diet, or such as his last was, *grofs* fare?

C H A P. III.

Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his ass, was attracted by the odour that issued from some pieces of goat's flesh, that were boiling in a kettle.) P. 82.—77.

ÆSOP's Fable of the *two hounds*, is here moralized in the Squire and the Don. Hound *Sancho* was for the kettle; hound *Quixote* for the field, orations and music; but as nature had given *Sancho* a tun belly, so he himself was very much given to the belly; which being as extensive in point of measure as a tun, was not easily filled. But though *Quixote* could have been contented with the fresh services of Madam *Aura* (for which he opened as constantly as an oyster against tide) yet the Knights of the *Mountains*, requested the favour of their younger brother of the hills and dales, that he would give them his company to such cheer as they had; which being goat provisions, were most agreeable to bodies-errant, who are generally *saltitant, passant, or carrant*; sometimes *volant*, and after a wind-mill (as we have seen) *couchant*. *Omne simile nutritur à simili*. From whence we see the reason, that swines flesh is so nutritive and apposite, unless to old *jewry-men* and *Scots*.

It is conjectured, that *Sancho* and his master fed most upon goat's countenance, or in other words, the head boiled with the hair on, which undoubtedly is as excellent food as lamb's head with the wool on, and is a more efficacious remedy against a *desperatio Barbæ*, than all the unguents of the college of physicians. It must be confessed, it is somewhat rough and untoothsome to the palate; but it is not for the teeth or the palate, but for the chin. There is an attractive faculty implanted in every part, and every part draws, as the learned say, *agglutinates* and *assimilates*, which is the way nature performs her work. So that we may conclude, philosophically, philologically, and metaphysically, that the chin, cheeks, boscos, suboscos, dulapes, and the jawy part of the face, know their own qualities and powers as well as any other part of the body.

For what is said of love may be observed of Knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.) P. 83.—78.

Love and danger are very glutinous, and of a soddering and associating nature. If two love one another, it is very probable they will lie together. So for quarreling, if two fall *out*, they generally fall *in*, together by the ears. Love is a leveller, for laugh
(which

(which is but a variation from love) and lie down; and chivalry lays all before it.

Who with keen appetite, and infinite relish solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists.) P. 84.—78.

A man might have learned to have choaked himself of these cormorants, without much application or study. Delicacy of feeding, use of napkins and compliment, they were not acquainted with, being educated and trained up in the academy of *Grobians**; where they had been taught every minute punctilio of grossness and gluttony.

His non invidias porcorum affine palatum.

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads.) P. 90.—84.

This entertainment was prince like; meat, wine, and music, vocal and instrumental. It wanted nothing but wenches to have made it not only compleat, but equal to our modern routs. It is a wonder the Don did not offer a *madrigal* of his own, though indeed, he had entertained them with a long-

* Slovens.

winded oration; and *Sancho* begged to have no more singing. Such dull, unactive clay as he was composed of, no *fragrantia frigida frigida* can elevate.

Qui jacet in terrâ, non habet unde cadat.

At the foot of the rock, hard by the Cork-tree-spring; for, the report goes, and they say, he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her was in that place.) P. 91.—85.

Many take great omens from the place where they first see the objects of their affections. *Chrysoptom's* first view of *Marcella*, was from the Cork-tree-fountain; but it proved an unfortunate one for him. The rock was an emblem of her obdurate heart; the cork-tree, of her levity, inconstancy, volubility, and hupernatability. And lastly, the fountain was a proof from its constant flowing, that nothing could be done. It had been better far (had fortune been so much his friend) to have seen her rising from gathering of a *rose*, or in the very cropping of a flower, or (what is still more certain and fortunate) collecting a whole nosegay. Besides this, the proverb was in his favour, (which plainly, and not parabolically, lays down the beginning of love) and doubtless would have proved auspicious, for in the progress

gress of a small time, it must have come to a wedding.

Many have had their first views upon a *May-day* in the morning, which being heretofore sacred to *Flora*, in pursuance of her ceremonies have been favoured with a *green-gown*, which has brought strange things about in due season. Some have had their first views in a church; for an instance of which, take the following.

A gentleman standing at the door of a pew, in which sat a beautiful young lady, was struck with her charms, and instantly received the pleasing impression from the god of love. The lady paid great attention to the preacher; while the gentleman paid his devotion to her beauty, and having a book and pencil with him, began to take down the lines of her face. This he repeated daily, till he at last drew her exact picture. She had several times observed his constant zeal, supposing he was taking down the notes of the sermon; which raised her curiosity, and drew her attention from the preacher to him, till at last, she found she could not withstand the pious rhetoric of his eyes, by which fascination he first transmitted the venomous qualities of his warm affections. He finding some gracious returns of her bright luminaries, and favourable aspects, gazed sometimes
so

so long, that he forgot his table till eye-checked to his duty. In process of time, he came to nearer colloquies, and they spoke not by eyes, but by lips, whereby the impulses of his desires were so powerful, that she became wholly devoted to this religious servant; who, when he had carried his point, told her what his notes were, and shewed her the fairest lines that ever were drawn in short hand. The lady seeing her face so well done, chid him for his hypocrisy, and bid him do so no more; but charged him to try if he could not copy one like himself and her too.

He was very knowing in the science of the stars, and what passed betwixt the sun and moon, and the heavens.) P. 92.—86.

As *Chrysofom* was skilled in astronomy, he should have taught his coy and cruel *Marcella* some of his astrological *postures*, and he probably might have carried his *point*, and not have died with grief and disappointment. Where were his brains that he never *cast* her, or her nativity? His knowledge was not extensive, if he could not read in those bright characters, what would be the event of his own suit. He should have found out what conjunctions happened at her birth: Whether *Venus* was cross-legged; or *Saturn* costive; or *Mars* melancholy (as he always is after a

con-

conjunction with *Venus*) or *Mercury* honest; for in this case, whoever attempts to gain a woman's affections, or to steal a maid, will be unsuccessful. So also, will it prove if *Luna* is in the *wane*, for that blows good to no one. And if *Jupiter* is not jovial, or *Sol* in his *mubble-fubbles*, or in a total eclipse, there is little business for the midwife, for *Sol et homo generant hominem*, though men go to work at sun-setting. *Chrysoptom* had not the *Hocas Pocas* of astrology; he could not shuffle the ephemerides nimbly, and make the stars move with a *Palabras*, or a *Falathra*, according to the wishes of the ignorant enquirers.

Our *modern* conjurers go far beyond poor *Chrysoptom*, they correspond with the chambermaids, instead of the stars, and learn from them, what they prognosticate to their enquiring and credulous mistresses. *Abigal* discovers her lady's dreams and inclinations, and then *Albumazar* retails them at what rate, and in what manner he pleases. If this does not do, or he cannot have an assistance of this sort, he peremptorily pronounces her doom, destined, and star-assigned to one, whom she will meet at such a time, in such a place, with such a shape, and in such a suit of cloaths (which description probably was
given

given him by the soliciting humble servant of the lady, who, prior to her interview with the doctor, had bribed his mercenary tongue) this passes for the irresistible decrees of fate, and the wedding is instantly agreed on and concluded; for as it was signed in heaven, it must be sealed on earth.

He would say, this year you must sow barley and no wheat.) P. 93.—87.

Country people are generally very credulous, and superstitiously attend to the ridiculous predictions of *Almanack-makers*. A seasonable *Almanack*, gains more reputation, than the learning of a *Newton*, or the wisdom of our universities. If the *Calender* says *fair, wet, windy, indifferent, mixt, or altogether*, they will quarrel with the stars, if they make not good what the *Almanack* has promised; though sometimes in point of eclipses, they think the writer *contoxicated*, as they say. The great author of all things, who made the day, is not once thought of, unless every thing agrees with the *Almanack*, which is the God they adore, if it prognosticks a good *seed* and *harvest-time*.

Not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a sudden in shepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep,

sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student.) P. 93.—87.

He changed his coat, and from a *black* became a *grey* friar. O love! what a pudder hast thou made in this world below; and in that above too! If we believe the stories of *Jupiter's* shapes and escapes. If a lady is surprized, with I pray *Jove*, it be *John* in the very fact, she is a *Lucrece*, a goddess of chastity; while *Amphitryo* is made a *Jupiter*, and takes one of his principal attributes from hence (even *Capitolinus*) and when he is so worshipped, he wears horns, which signify not as some vulgarly imagine knavishly, but according to the *Hebrew* signification) light, shining, glorious, or transparent.

This whining passion of shepherds, was very ancient among the *Arcadians*, who were the first pipers that we read of; but they succeeded better than *Chrysoptom*, for they made their nymphs dance after their music, two or three to a flute; for the first age was *Polygamous*. They were stout lads, and more than *Cock-a-twos*.

Chrysoptom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made Carols for Christmas-Eve.) P. 93.—87.

Such

84 FESTIVOUS NOTES upon

Such kind of songs as our *Wassallers* tone upon that ancient festival; for a specimen of which, take the following stanza:

*God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ our Saviour,
Was born of a Christmas-Day, &c.*

Chrysostom's poetry could not be much more elevated, for the subject and reward was but a spice bowl; however, they pleased excellently well, for *Pedro* declares, every body said, that they were *tip-top*.

————— *You might safely swear,
This verse he wrote in wine, and this in beer.*

When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly clothed like shepherds, they were surprised, and could not guess their reason for such an odd change.) P. 93.—87.

A strange metamorphosis, once happened to an old knight; who notwithstanding the silver items on each side his face, and argent pendants of his chin, resolved to stumble in at *lovers-hole*, before he fell into the hole which lasts till dooms-day. He so passionately pursued his affection and inclinations, that he changed his ancient garb, and dressed himself *al-a-mode*. A strange and unnatural

natural transformation. *Hercules* was not more effeminate, when he turned *spinster* to cozen *Omphale*. He also cut off his reverend beard, and smoothed his cheeks, and with a black-lead comb, changed the colour of those hairs which were *senatorian*, and like a silver snow had covered his head ten years beyond the climacterick; and lastly, though he could scarcely walk without crutches, he attempted to dance without *measure*; And all this (like *Chrysostom*) was done to gain the affection of a delicate young lady, who, to her beauty, had wit and judgment also, and knew that a gentleman of four and twenty was a more agreeable companion than old *Æson*.

Methinks I see her now with that face of her's, which seemed to have the sun on one side, and the moon on the other.) P. 94.—88.

By *Pedro's* account of *Marcella's* mother, it is evident he was no relation to him that keeps the keys where these planets shine. What a heavenly face was this? wherein the *sun* and *moon* must ever be in eclipse! the interposition of the nose being but small, and not casting a sufficient shadow for a dial. It is not to be doubted, but her whole person was adorned with a number of stars, by way of beauty-spots; and if this was the

case, those lesser luminaries formed the *Via Lactea*, or *milky-way*; to which we refer the man (usually in the concave of the moon) but now somewhat *eccentrick*; for it would have spoiled the *moony* side of her face, to have had the portraiture of a man there; beside the crossing of the proverb, for the woman died in child-bed. But what of that? *Sol et homo* (as is said before) *generant hominem*, as was here done; *homo* being Latin either for man or woman, and a woman was born at this time. Had the man been in the *moon*, it might have been *Luna et homo generant*; but this might have set the *sun* and the *moon*, and the *man* in the *moon*, together by the ears, with old *William* into the bargain, about the legitimacy of *Marcella*. But they both died, she first, and her husband soon after; and according to *Pedro's* account, it is a wonder the world did not end with her, for no doubt but the *sun* and *moon* were both extinguished at her death; and this we are told, is to be the sign of the world's dissolution.

But he, who, to give him his due, was a good Christian, although he wanted to dispose of her as soon as she came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away, without her own consent.) P. 95,—89.

Old *William* and his *Astronomia* being dead, *Marcella's* uncle, the priest, was made guardian to this fallen star, which at her mother's departure to the firmament, dropped by the way. Her uncle was a man of sense, and though he was not willing to force her to marry, he knew the folly of letting a young woman lye upon hands like over-blown roses, till their beauty is withered, and they become contemptible. A seasonable application (says the shepherd of *Banbury*) is good. I shall illustrate this note with a short put apposite tale.

- There was a gentleman, whose number of daughters taught him prudence and discretion, and led him to search into the natures and dispositions of his family. He found, on examination, that the youngest was the most forward, and therefore he sought out for a husband for her; and forthwith got a *Principis obsta*, as they call it in physick, or as some say, an *Intus existens prohibet alienum*. The damsel, overjoyed at her good fortune, when the happy day was fixed, became so elated and so impatient, that she went and invited her friends and relations to the wedding herself. They were surprized, considering her age, and more especially as she was the youngest; and asked her how it came about, that she was to be married before her elder sisters?

To which she answered, simpering, that her father, who knew her from an egg, gave a very good reason for it, though she did not know his meaning; "for he said," continues she, "that some eggs will hatch in an even; and that in hot weather, things will not keep without salt."

Neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune.) P. 95.—89.

The worldly parents of these days, are rather hucksters than parents, and make markets of their children. *A quantum dabis*, on their heads, putting them off to the best bidder, without respect to years, compliance, or affection. So the lands are coupled, the estates joined, and the parchments sealed; it is no matter whether the parties come together in any other sheets. Like *Sampson's* foxes, if ever they meet, it is with firebrands in their tails. *Matches* made in the minority of both parties, or from interested motives only, are like those in a tinder-box, of a short flame, and soon go out. Miserable is the condition of two so joined; especially, if the female's experienced, fond, and indulgent mother, has told her daughter before marriage, what she is to expect after it. There are such idiots
in

in the world, who think it their duty to give their daughters such information, though it is ten to one, but it lays a foundation for their future unhappiness.

Whenever any one of them comes to disclose his intention, let it be ever so just and holy, even marriage itself, she throws him from her like a stone from a sling.) P. 97.—90.

Marcella was not like the damsel in the Eclogues.

Quæ fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.

*Who flew into a bush, her head to hide,
But glad with all her heart she was espy'd.*

She was a fullen shepherdes, and meant to preserve her chastity, till she was impregnable for ought she knew; for if a woman be fortified, or rather fifty-fied, the attempt is as difficult and hazardous as the siege of *Ostend*.

Not far from this place there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which you may read engraved the name of Marcella.) P. 97.—91.

Of these kind of inscriptions and love knots, the *Arcadia* is full. Could we see the beeches *Pedro* speaks of, we should find them excellently well cut by *Chrysoptom's* own hand,

90 FESTIVOUS NOTES upon
as monuments of his true love, and her cruelty, in the curious ænigmatical manner of the ancients, as follows :

CHRYSO—MAR
and
STOM—CELLA,

CH A P. V.

For which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven.) P. 100.—94.

IN the passage from whence the note is taken, *Quixote* mentions an ancient tradition of king *Arthur*, which says he was, by the art of inchantment, metamorphosed into a *raven*. This explains the assertion in the text.

The translation of king *Arthur* into a raven, is greatly to be doubted, notwithstanding *Quixote* affirmed it was generally believed all over *Great-Britain*. Had it been true, the sagacious *Almanack-makers* of that age, would certainly have made the *raven* a sign in the *Ephemerides*. How it escaped *Lilly* is wonderful, unless the *raven* was a *white* one.

Sir

Sir Knight-errant, methinks your worship professes one of the strictest orders upon earth, nay, I will affirm more strict than that of the Carthusian Friars.) P. 101.—95.

By the length of *Quixoté's* orations, they may be stiled *Ciceronian*. The present business seems to be whether *monkery*, or *knight-errantry*, is the hardest life. I shall therefore suppose *Vivaldo* to be a monk, and make him and the Don canvass the matter over, in a short dialogue in verse, till the reader is convinced, by the pregnancy of their arguments, and yields to that which his judgment most inclines him to.

VIVALDO.

I don't attempt to rail, I will be civil,
 Tho' I encounter with incarnate devil !
 Knight-errants rank with holy monks ! what
 hopes
 From our shav'd heads, coarse cloaths, and
 girded ropes ?
 If one, whose hands are purple with man-
 slaughter,
 Shall mix in Paradise with monks hereafter.

QUIXOTE.

Father, I say not so, I'll ne'er desire
 To come to your's, or good St. *Thom's* fire.
 Enjoy

92 FESTIVOUS NOTES upon

Enjoy your *Limbus* to yourselves, I know
 You well deserve such fate for living so ;
 Barely and base I mean, yet for all that,
 (Sure 'tis God's blessing) you're all very fat :
 If that your *Limbus* be a fat'ning fire,
 Fly quickly there, you'll make a jolly friar.

VIVALDO.

Not so much haste, Knight-errant, you run
 post,
 Alas ! you never read of wand'ring ghost ;
 One of your brother Knights, who strangely
 ly died,
 And never to his God for mercy cry'd ;
 Now he may wander on the Stygian verge,
 And ne'er be able to procure a dirge.
 We are content to live within our cell,
 Praying for such as you, who merit hell ;
 And in your desp'rate phrenzy do such
 deeds,
 As put us monks to counting of our beads.

QUIXOTE.

My trade is fighting, Sir, I never pray,
 I have not been devout this many day ;
 When I invoke, it is my lady fair,
 To beg her blessing on my toil and care ;
 Or when some giant, with a stump of tree,
 Attacks me, then to her I bow my knee :
 This

This does the work, I conquer at a stroke,
 Confound all weapons, whether steel or oak.

VIVALDO.

Is this devotion? 'twere a sin to smile;
 Invoke your mistress! you your soul be-
 guile!

You must address some other kind of saints,
 As are departed life, they know our wants
 And feel them too.—They liv'd on earth
cum-vobis,

These supplicate, *Orat', Orat', pro nobis.*
O Sancta Clara, Bridget, Frances, Win,
 And thou *Loretto*, guard me from all sin;
 And pray good *Cat'rine* (who did mind
 your wheel)

That I by fumes of drink may never reel;
 O pray all saints, all ages, and all sexes,
 Against all evil that the soul perplexes.

QUIXOTE.

What tho' I say no hymns, nor *Ave-Marias*,
 I fast, or feed on diet like the Fairies;
Sancho shall witness it to good *St. Peter*,
 That when I have to eat, I'm no great
 eater.

I've read of *Peter's* sheet, and large provi-
 sion,

But I was ne'er in any such condition;

Sheets

Sheets I renounce, and victuals I have none,
Sancho produce the wallet—See, all's gone !
 Who doth endure so much? see how I'm
 batter'd,
 Beat black and blue, gall'd, wither'd, torn
 and shatter'd :
 Show me, throughout the world, so rare a
 fight
 As I at present am, although a Knight.

VIVALDO.

I grant you *errants*, are a rueful tribe,
 Like wand'ring *Jews*, indeed, without a
 gibe ;
 And tho' you often want, and want be
 lasting,
 You cannot say 'tis a religious fasting.
 But we a thousand *Ave-Maries* say,
 And day by day, and night by night we
 pray :
 We fast like you, altho' we've store of wine,
 And can, whene'er we please on dainties
 dine ;
 Yet, in the sight and smell of a full kitching,
 We to our crosses go, pennance and breech-
 ing.
 All this, and more, by us is to be done,
 Besides confessing with each pretty *Nun* ;
And

And when we've mortified and tamed the
flesh,

We feed with stomachs good, as they who
thresh.

Enough of poetry; we will go to prose
again, for neither in verse or prose, sea or
land, high-way or field, must a Knight-
errant be worsted; and there is no knowing
how this dispute may end, for he who at-
tacks a monk, may almost as well wage war
with the devil; therefore I leave the issue of
the dispute doubtful and conclude;

Et vitulo tu dignus et hic.

Quixote's religion (though not his food) was
very much like that of *Chaucer's* physician,

*Whose meat was very good—digestible,
But not a word he utter'd from the Bible.*

There are few Christians of the order of
Knight-errantry, for they are generally Apof-
tates, or voluntary *Mahometans*, and subscribe
to the *Alcoran*: For according to the princi-
ples of that fabulous book, they *Knight-er-*
santed it from this world to the next, with a
Dulcinea here, to a *Dulcinea* there, and chan-
ged *Toboso* for *Paradiso*.

I affirm,

I affirm, that there never could be a Knight-errant without a mistress; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the stars are to the heavens.) P. 104.—97.

Your *Hectors*, and *Herculeans*, are all of them *Pamphilians*, or universal servants of the ladies. There are, indeed, a sort of men called *Solidians*, who make vows of constancy to one single piece of surpassing excellency. Of this order was *Don Quixote*; yet, I believe the reader will presently find, that his integrity was liable to suspicion, as will appear by his pursuit of *Marcella*; for had he overtaken her (after his late feast on goats-flesh) it is imagined he would have felt *Caprizans pulsus*.

Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true.) P. 107.—100.

Though *Sancho* did not think himself under an obligation to second every thing his master said, yet he had the modesty to let it pass. *Davius* had no better commendation than *fides et Taciturnitas*. A Spanish shrug will shift off a lie, as well as other things.

This is the body of Chrysostom, who was a man of unparalleled genius.) P. 108.—101.

We

We must now be very grave and serious, being at a funeral, and the celebrated *Cbrysoptom*'s body a spectacle of mortality before us. *Ambrosio* is to entertain us with a pastoral oration for his deceased brother shepherd (slain by the negative voice of the cruel *Marcella*) in the lamentable tones of the wild Irishmens *O Hones*. As for exemple; *O Hone, O Hone!* why wouldest thou die, good *Cbrysoptom*? Hadst thou not sheep and oxen, I and cows, yea, even red cows? (whose milk is good against consumptions.) Hadst thou not orchards and gardens, how canst thou die? Was not thy father and mother dead, and did not they leave thee all their wealth, why then wilt thou die? *O Hone!* Hadst thou not more wit than all thy friends, neighbours, and kindred? Why then wouldest thou die, and leave us fools behind thee? But *O Hone!* we will follow thee even unto that very place, where thou didst first receive thy death's wound by the denial of a cruel woman.

* *This was no other than the shepherdes Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock,*

* That the reader may not be puzzled in referring to the passages from whence the texts are
K taken.

rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report.) P. 114.—107.

See where bright *Cynthia* shines, but hark !
 Tho' the moon shines, the dogs will bark.
 Don *Quixote* view'd her shape and air,
 Yet thought his dirty *Dul'* as fair ;
 While *Sancho*, tho' a stupid block,
 Wish'd to be with her on the rock.

Ambrosio was impatient at the sight of her, and began to abuse her, and in the language of *Billingsgate*, railed at her immaculate fame and firm constancy, which was not to be shaken any more than the rock on which she stood. *Bona verba*, good *Ambrosio*; what downright *Basilijk*, merciless *Nero*, *Tullia*, &c. &c. Who would have looked for such *Nectar* with *Ambrosio*?

taken, it is necessary to observe, that Dr. Smollet has divided this Second Book, into five Chapters only ; Mr. Jarvis into six. This difference may prevent a ready reference, in this place especially ; for as I have taken my texts from Dr. Smollet's translation, I have divided my chapters in the same manner ; but if the reader has recourse to the numbers at the end of each text, no mistake can happen through the whole book.

I come

I come not, answered Marcella, for any of the purposes you have mentioned, Ambrosio; but rather personally to demonstrate how unreasonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and sufferings of Chrysoptom.) P. 114.—107.

This speech is a pure defence of resolved virginity, rigid constancy, and an obstinate resolution, to gather nuts all the vacation long; which are very stiptical, and consequently, they that feed on them, are naturally costive and seldom loose. This fair *Hypolyta*, dedicated herself to the woods and forrests, where exercise, continual labour, and variety, give check to all those passions, which a sedentary and lazy life is subject to.

And if hope be the food of desire, as I gave none to Chrysoptom, or to any other person, so neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be justly imputed to my cruelty, but rather, to their own obstinate despair.) P. 116.—109.

Chrysoptom was only to be blamed in the present case, for he would not take his answer. She told him she could not love him, or any one else; but this Pagan scholar would not believe a woman in the negative to her own good. Doubtless he had read of some one, who said, she would embrace fire and

faggot, rather than such a one; but in a fortnight, having forgot the imprecation, has been tied and bound to the abhorred stake. The shepherd's *mulieri ne credas* here failed, for *Marcella* was resolute to her *quanquam*.

She ought to be honoured and esteemed by all virtuous men, as the only person in the universe, who lives in such a chaste and laudable intention.) 118.—111.

Here the reader must begin to smell a rat. For if *Marcella* was the only person in the universe, who led a chaste life, what was *Dulcinea*? Doubtless, no better than she should be, as we vulgarly say; pray heaven she was so good! the Don could not forget himself, for it was in the morning, and being fresh and fasting, his head was clear, or ought to have been so.

Who was resolved to have the following Epitaph engraved upon it.) P. 118.—111.

The Epitaph designed for *Chrysothom* by *Ambrosio*, may be seen in the history of *Don Quixote*. But *Cervantes* forgot to give his readers one which was written by *Marcella*. In order to render this book as complete as possible, I think it my duty to introduce it.

Marcella's

Marcella's EPITAPH on Chrysofom,

Against this tree doth lie a swain,
Who, died indeed, but lov'd in vain;
He hop'd t'have been *Marcella's* lord,
But died upon a cruel word.

Marcella wish'd him longer life,
Tho' she refus'd to be his wife:
Yet if his dust content can have,
She'll mingle ashes in the grave;
For when it is her welcome turn,
What bed denied, she'll give his urn.

End of the SECOND BOOK.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

And leaving the afs and Roxinante at pleasure to regale themselves with the rich pasture, emptied their knapsack, and without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they ate together like good friends, laying aside all vain distinction of master and man.) P. 121.—113.

THE Don pursued *Marcella* into the wood, but she was too nimble for him. She had been accustomed to chace the wild boar, and followed the swift-footed stag, and therefore it is not to be wondered at, that an over-ridden stallion, and a tame afs, could not reach her. Horse and asses being tired with the fruitless pursuit, they declined it, and comforted themselves (though they could not obtain the lady) that they had found a pleasant, delightful meadow, where having lost the pleasure of one sense (viz. that of feasting their eyes with *Marcella's* beauty) they thought it high time to provide for the maintainance of the rest ;

———*Strato discumbiter Ostro :*

They

They laid themselves down, and fell to it, hail fellow well met. *Sancho* proved the nimblest feeder, having his nose seldom out of the manger; for the Don was gazing about for adventures, and therefore did not follow his blow (or rather stroke) so that *Sancho* here was the Knight of the meadow, though at other times only Squire of the high-way.

It was then that Rozinante seized with an inclination to solace himself with some of these skittish females, no sooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural disposition, and accustomed deliberation, without asking leave of his lord and master, he went off at a small trot, to communicate his occasions to the objects of his desire.) P. 121.—114.

Rozinante was not absolutely run off his mettle; he was backed to enterprizes, and therefore boldly attempted to attack the *Gallician* fillies. But this was a great error in the *Cephal-errant*, for by order of his horsehood, he should have relieved the mares, who were oppressed and overladen with heavy packs, he being the Horse-errant of the only lady-relieving Knight-errant in the whole world. The Don was generally worsted in his encounters, and so it proved with the horse, for the *Yanguessian* carriers flew to the assistance of their mares, who had hitherto defended

defended themselves from this foul ravisher with their heels, which is more than some rational creatures will do on similar occasions. They fell on *Rozinante* so violently, that they soon brought him to the stool of repentance, and never was poor beast so hampered for wicked intentions.

True it is, at the second application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that also happened to his master.) P. 122.—115.

Sancho had more sense than his master, for though he loved him very much, he was unwilling to meddle with the carriers. He saw their superior number, and heard the blows given to *Rozinante*; and though he was tickled with the government of the island, yet he perceived it was a desperate causeway that was to conduct him thither, and that he was likely to undergo very strict discipline, before he would be able to exercise any himself. The truth of these fears were fully proved in the present case, for though he was spurred on with hopes by the courageous inspirations of his master, and exerted all his strength, yet what were *Hercules* and *Lycas*, against twelve labours (or rather labourers) at once? *Sancho* was of opinion at first, that it would disgrace their history to engage in a horse-quarrel; and so it turned out. *Rozinante*

zinnante lay breathless on the ground, and close by him the Don, not able to stir hand or foot; and *Sancho* lay at a distance with his face to the ground, being ashamed to look to heaven, or upon man or beast after this ignoble victory.

The carriers perceiving the havock they had made, thought proper to load again with all dispatch, and pursue their journey.) P. 122.—115.

Fuga est pro culpâ: A guilty conscience has a thousand judges, juries, and witnesses. But who was to make hue and cry after the carriers, who was to raise the country? It being betwixt sun and sun, the country was liable to pay damages; but it was secure as to that matter, for *cantabit vacuus*. The Don feared no robbing, and as for the brutes, they were not worth stealing. Nothing was taken from them, the damage lay in what was given them; and this neither the hundreds nor thousands could remove. *Sancho*, by his affliction got experience, and being wiser than his master, remembered him of the balsam made by Fairyblas, and it is a wonder how his head, being so disordered, could contain so hard a word.

“In how many days does your worship think we shall be able to move our feet?” said the Squire.

Squire. "With regard to myself," answered the battered Knight, "I really cannot fix any number of days.") P. 123.—115.

Statutum est semel mori. The Don knew that; but as for the *stati dies* of a sickness, the beginnings, declinings, and perfections of a disease, he was as much to seek as for his balsam: but, *pares in culpâ, pares in pænâ*, like master like man. Confession is the first *step* to repentance, and though neither of them could move a *foot*, yet it was real; and as for *Sancho*, he came to an absolute resolution never to play such a prank again. But the Don was of a contrary opinion, for he was determined to intail these inferior encounters on *Sancho* for the future, as they too much degraded him as a Knight, and therefore were more compatible with his Squire.

What would become of thy wretched affairs, if after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldest frustrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour, and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government?) P. 124.—117.

The Don upbraids *Sancho* excellently well, and excites his coward-spirits, by promising him the government of an island, which, by the bye, *Sancho* seemed disposed to relinquish,
rather

rather than undergo another such beating: But *Quixote's* orations could not raise the Squire's spirits, nor even his body from the ground. *Rozinante* was concluded the author of these last mischiefs.

—*Equo ne credite Teucris.*

But *Sancho* was resolved to humble him, if low diet would do it, for he determined to interdict him from oats, and all flatulent and erecting food, for some time at least; but had *rem* been proved in *re*, his mouth would have been excommunicated provender for ever; for an unchaste beast can never, with true propriety, carry the body of a Knight-errant through his virgin-rescuing adventures. However, *Rozinante* himself paid dearly for his lasciviousness, for it is dolorous to relate, in what variety of agony he lay shifting from side to side; and the sight of his master, lying in a worse condition, was double grief to him.

Tormentum miseris socios habuisse doloris.

All these inconveniences are inseparably annexed to the exercise of arms.) P. 125.—118.

These inconveniences were too many and too heavy, to conduce much to the exercise of his *arms*, sides, back, or legs: For in
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the present case, all the parts of his body were in a parity of suffering; not by compassion or sympathy, but by the proper anguish of each particular joint and member, otherwise, some unexercised member (like the undipped heel of *Achilles*) had been enough to have overthrown the whole. The continual bastings of the Don, may very aptly be compared to the daily fousing of that valiant *Greek's* body, in the enchanted bath for *invulneration*. If glass can be so indurated by fire, as to withstand all force, certainly the bodies of Knight-errants may become solidated by perpetual contusions, and in time be inferrible. *Milo*, by carrying calves, improved his strength to the burthen of a bull: *Atlas*, by such stupendious burthen-bearing, came to be porter to heaven itself; and *Hercules*, his sub-porter. The Don, from what he endured, is the next in reversion to *Hercules*, *nemine contradicente*.

Besides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by those instruments which are casually in the hands of our enemies.) P. 126.—119.

—— *Mene Iliacis occumbere campas
Non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere
dextra.*

Had

*Had I but fall'n in Trojan fields,
Cover'd with myrmidons rich shields,
Where Hector in his blood lay grav'ling,
Slain by Achilles lusty jav'lin.*

There was the honour of it, to fall by the spear of *Achilles*; this was field honour, but it was no dishonour (in the Don's opinion) nor even in the heralds court of Knight-errantry, to meet with a *pack-staff* salutation. The battle with the carriers was no legal combat (judge all masters of defence) for the weapons were not named in the bill, nor produced upon the stage. It was mere *chance-medley*, and misapplication of tools. This was great comfort to the Don; he was reputation sound however. A hundred such disasters as this, are but misdemeanours in Knight-errantry, and can never amount to an attainder.

Such carriage will be no dishonour to chivalry. }
P. 128.—120.

Necessity hath no law. Quixote was not able to ride, had *Rozinante* been able to carry him, and, therefore, was obliged to be thrown across *Sancho's* ass. But he thought it no disgrace, as he remembered a president for it; and in order to reconcile the proud spirit of

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his

his Squire to it, he is supposed to have discoursed him in the following manner, which is not improbable, though not mentioned in the history.

“ Friend *Sancho*, you perchance may grieve and think it improper to behold me on your ass, especially, as I hang across like a wallet; but if thou didst consider that I intend, after the next glorious defeat, to go to *Madrid*, and there take the order of the *Golden Fleece*, thou wouldest not think it strange, that before hand, I conform myself to the ceremony, which is the most ancient of all orders in the world. You perhaps, *Sancho*, may reply, that it is uncomely for me to ride in this manner. Doubtless it would be so in some cases, but you know I have been accused by *Vivaldo*, of want of devotion, therefore I am now resolved to acquit myself of that charge; and though I am *Kim Kam*, yet it is more than hath been related of any Knight-errant that ever I read of; which determines me (for luck-sake in future) to cross all my adventures in the posture I now lye across the ass; being assured, that it will defeat all inchanters, giants, carriers, and wind-mills, whenever they attempt to prevail over us. And though I do not *ad Sydera tollere vultus*, yet my pains and groans reach
thither,

DON QUIXOTE. III

thither, and I look thus down in defiance of all hellish confederacies, from whence they spring."

C H A P. II.

The inn-keeper seeing Don Quixote laid athwart the ass, asked what was the matter? to which interrogation Sancho replied, "nothing but a few bruises which my master has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood.) P. 130.—122.

THrough the wit of *Sancho*, our Knight of the *Fleece*, or rather *fleeced* Knight, becomes a *Rupe-cadente*, or *rock-falling* Knight; or Knight of the *Precipice*, or Knight of the *Downfall*; for any of these attributes or titles were suitable to him: And in this case *Sancho*, with great propriety, might be stiled the Squire of the *Quarry*.

Don Quixote having laid himself down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes stood hard by holding a light.) P. 131.—123.

Maritornes the Austrian held the candle, and from the description Cervantes gives of her, she was a fit servant to hold it to the devil. By the benefit of this light they saw,

*Monstrum, horrendum, ingens, cuius est Un'auris
Adempta.*

These *Maukins* were not so modest as the good lady prioress, when a search was made amongst her *Nuuns* for one, who under that disguise, had made some of the sisters break their religious vows. For when the matron by accident in the close examination, had her spectacles struck from her nose, she did not venture to stare at the violation of the conventicle, but modestly held her hands before her eyes, and only through her fingers, saw, to her great grief, how rash and inconsiderate such vows are upon second thoughts, and better meditation. However, they stand excused in some measure, for it is probable, from the Don's late sufferings, they had less to wonder at than the lady prioress; though some people are amazed at trifles.

That may very easily happen, cried the daughter. I myself have often dreamed, that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground.) P. 131.—123.

It was a tower with pinnacles then, which she took care to hold fast enough I will warrant her. But the jade recites the dream false, and in her own person, when it was her *Amoroso's*,
the

the curate of the Parish; whom she sometimes gratified with a night's lodging. He dreamed that he fell into a well, and went down, and down, and down, but never came to the bottom; which fright roused him from his dream, and on the first motion, he moralized the *fable* of the well.

A knight-adventurer is a thing, that before you can count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned.)

P. 132.—124.

Sancho might have said, "A knight-errant is, as you see, a creature, bruised, basted, swaddled, bed-ridden, and only fit for a mad-house." It has been a matter of much wonder from the account we have of *Maritornes*, that *Quixote* did not take her for the monster of the castle, and give her battle like *Hercules*; who when he ran about mad in his shirt dipped in the blood of *Nessus* attacked every living thing. She had more the appearance of a monster than a woman, being a sow of the largest breed. In head and ears, she was like an elephant, though neither so docile nor so wise as that creature, nor yet so serviceable; for in this case, *Quixote* would absolutely have renounced *Dulcinea*, and have taken *Maritornes*, who was able to carry more castles on her back, than he could have taken: Her face

was flat, and very much like an owl's, and her nose adunque like the over-grown beak of an eagle ; nor was her voice more melodious than that bird's : Yet this younger sister to her at *Heidelberg*, was enamoured with the name of Knight-errant, and desired to know more of his nature ; but *Sancho* described it in a villainous manner, discovering her inclinations, as he intended, very probably, to join issues with her himself.

And Don Quixote, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare with his eyes wide open.)
P. 134.—126.

A thousand fears, fancies and chimeras, kept the Don not only like a hare in his eyes, but also in his brains ; which being as vertiginous as a whirl-pool, presented ten thousand whirly-gigs, wind-mills, and turnpikes, to his errastick soul, so that by the strength of his imagination, and exalted fancy, he made fallies in the bed, and routed the flocks out of the dilacerated tick, which hung about his body like bees at a swarming, or flies got together in their winter quarters. Thus accoutred, this Knight-errant was rather a shepherd-errant, having his flocks about him.

Mean

Mean while the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza.) P. 137.—129.

If one won't, another will. *Quiddere blunt*, quoth the old woman to the young man who complained of his wife's coyness, which is a corruption of *coeteri volunt*. *Maritornes* expected retaliation from *Sancho*, whom she had bathed with her own hands, and therefore was determined to be repaid with *oleum Anthropinum Hypogastrio applicatum*; and if she missed of her aim, she knew it was necessary to shelter herself under his *Abdominous Penthouse*, till her master's inquisitions were eluded: But old drowsy-pate slept soundly, except that he now and then groaned extremely, being *bag-ridden* by the *Austrian's* incumbency, who having gathered herself into a circle about his umbilical hillock, hoped by her agglutination, and natural incantation, to have raised his spirits.

The carrier perceiving, by the light, the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance.) P. 138.—129.

The miscarriages and lamentable catastrophe of this love-scene, calls to remembrance the

the following story, of a foreigner who visited the university of *Oxford*, and in his perambulations about the city, passed through a place called *Seven-deadly-sins-Lane*. As he had before seen the nursery for learning and religion, he imagined this place contained a *she-nursery*; confident in this opinion, he knocked at a door, to which came a sharp-nosed eager woman, unto whom he said, "Madame, is *dis te* house of *lust*?" "Of *lust* you rogue," said the woman, who having a broom-staff in her hand (with which she and her husband had been deciding the controversy for the breeches) she laid about her, and gave the foreigner a broken head for his broken English, whereat he stood corrected, and replied, "I be mistake madame, I find *dis be* not *te* house of *lust*, but *te* house of *wrath*."

C H A P. III.

Enchanters never suffer themselves to be seen.)

P. 141.—133.

THE Don is right : Necromancy is *Deceptio visus*. Neither *Faustus* or *Vandermaest*, were visible when they took the bowl out of the emperor's hand, as he lifted it to his head : A voice indeed was heard, *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremæque labra*. Nor was *Bacon* seen in the study when the brazen head spoke ; which study to this day retains his name. But these were great scholars, and very different kind of men from what the vulgar imagined them to be. The deepest waters pass on in silence ; while shallow streams, like shallow heads, make the most noise. *Gyges* had a ring which rendered him invisible ; not that he was so when *Candaules* (the fourth king of *Lydia*) showed his queen naked to him ; but the king might have saved his life, had he made his favourite put his ring on, for the queen was so incensed at the transaction, that she ordered *Gyges* to kill him, and then married the murderer, who by
this

this means obtained a kingdom, and covered her nakedness.

He repeated over it more than fourscore Pater-nosters, with the like number of Ave-maria's, salve's and credo's, accompanying every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction.) P. 143.—135.

The fourscore Pater-Nosters, &c. were nothing more than the following lines, which were the charm, and virtuous operators of the grand effects in the balsam.

*Neptune Pater Equorum,
Et tu Sol, qui tenes lorum ;
Quadrupedum ignivomorum,
Fac ut ego, qui sum Coram,
Vis vibicum et Dolorum,
Futurus Domitor Monstrorum,
Protector hominum, horum, harum, horum,
Virum, Mulierum et Orphanorum,
Per hoc Balsamum, Opobalsamorum.
Invulneratus post hanc transeam,
Prim-as Militum Errantium.*

This is to be said, or sung over the cal-dron, or whatever else it is made in, turning round a circle, (in which it is to be placed) with these words upon the border.

Octogintos

*Ologintos octos per hæc verba,
Benedicetur quævis herba.*

And being mystically performed, according to the *Spanish* mode of incantations, the *Simples* receive their wondrous virtues and qualities, which no doubt operated very powerfully on the Knight, who was one of the *simplest* in the whole world, and therefore most likely to be cured by them.

*This mighty balsam, call'd Fierabras,
All Æsculapian tricks did far surpass;
And was in fact, the med'cine Catholick,
To cure all wounds receiv'd by sword or stick.*

Sancho Panza seeing his master recovered to a miracle, begged he would bestow upon him the sediment of the pot, which was no small quantity.)
P. 144.—135.

The violence of the balsam's operation on the Don, so reduced his strength, that he slept three hours after it, which was more than he had done since he first set out a wool-gathering: When he waked, he was greatly recovered and therefore his over-wise Squire begged a dose for himself, supposing as it had worked a miracle on his master, that it would perform
a won-

a wonder at least with him. Full of this hope, he swallowed the whole of the remains in the pot, being willing to have enough, like the wench who desired to be well used by the apothecary, and had so much given her (for God's sake, by the knavish boy,) over and above the prescribed quantity, that she wished the devil might take him for his courtesy. So *Sancho*, by over drenching himself, found it operate with more violence than it had done with his master, and therefore cursed the balsam, and the miscreant that made it; not considering (like the *French* doctor) that the same physic has different effects on different constitutions.—If *de* body (said he) be full of *de* gross humours, and it operates excessively, *all de better for dat*; and if *de* physic does not stir *de* patient, it is a good sign *dat de* gross humours are not in *de* body, and so *all de better for dat*.

All I desire is, that you will pay the score you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourself and servant.) Page 146.—137.

The Don was astonished at the invincible ignorance of the *host* in demanding money for the reckoning, and therefore treated him with contempt, by turning his back upon him and riding

riding off. *Sancho* heard his master's reasons for non-payment, and from a strong argument (drawn *à paritate rei*, though not *sub-jecto*) laboured to convince the host of the folly of demanding money of pennyless Knight-errants, but it would not do; and what added to the misfortune, was, that *Sancho's* beast was neither so swift, nor so manageable as *Roxinante*; so that he was left behind for the reckoning, as the ass generally is. As the host had let the Don escape, *Sancho* urged, like master like man; love me love my dog; besides many more significant proverbs; as, the devil take the hindermost; where there is nothing to be had the king must lose his right, &c. &c. The host could quote proverbs as fast as *Sancho*, which made the Squire impatient, and therefore he told him, he could not be stopped without manifest danger and violation of the laws of errantry, and then attempted to escape. But the clothiers of *Segovia*, with their companions the pin-makers of *Cordova*, and shoemakers of *Sevil*, who were at the inn at this time, came to the landlord's assistance, and not only pulled *Sancho* from his ass, but tossed him in a blanket. Thus the Squire-errant became a *Squire-volant*, and instead of being governor of an island, was made a prince of the air. The Don, who was wait-

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ing

ing at a distance for *Sancho*, beheld his exaltations with amazement, and considered the adventure as equal to any of his own, this being similar to that of the wind-mill.

C H A P. IV.

We have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear, and the loss of one side of your helmet; from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling.) P. 152.—143.

S*ANCHO* might have gone a degree farther, viz. the *Yanguessians* positive, *Martinetes'* carrier, comparative; and the oil-pan, superlative. He exceeds *plus plurimum*; besides which, there seems to be a *Climax*, for the beatings could not be declined by the old rule, so that we must allow of a *super-superlative*, and in case of necessity, of a *hyper* also.

Multa Tulit fecit que puer, sudavit et alia.

But what *Virgil* says of *Æneas*, is more applicable.

Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto.

I bear

I hear nothing, answered Sancho, but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs ! And truly that was the case ; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them.) P. 157.—148

We may truly say, that the armies were drawn up in the field, and though not composed of giants, yet they were more numerous and unanimous : For, as they say in *Scotland*, sheep are one and *aw* ; if one runs, *aw* run. If ever a Knight's wits went a wool-gathering, *Quixote's* did at this instant ; for the flock of sheep were imagined to be an host of men ; rams were taken for giants ; ewes for ladies ; wethers for eunuchs ; the black sheep for necromancers ; shepherds with their crooks and pipes, for incanters and martial musicians ; the sheep bells for drums ; the rutting for the main battalia ; and the bullocks for the slaughtered bodies.

C H A P. V.

In my opinion, my good master, all the mis-ventures, which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, &c.) P. 163.—154.

Securi de salute, pro gloriâ pugnans.

S*ANCHO* imputed all their misfortunes to his master's perjuries.

*Alius peccat, alius plectitur,
Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

Thou art very much in the right, said Don Quixote; to deal ingenuously with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually slipped out of my remembrance; and thou mayest depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee for the fault thou wast guilty of, in omitting to put me in mind of it in time.) P. 163.—154.

Facillimum est accusare.

The Don presently confuted *Sancho*, with his *Te ipsum intueri oportet qui alterum incusas probi*; and bid him canvass his own wallet, and turn that part of the budget before where his own crimes should lay, and not throw his *errata* behind

behind his back. "I am criminal," said he, "for embracing the illustrious *Dulcinea*, for so my fancy imagined *Maritornes* to be. I was only a trespasser in wish, which is but a small peccadillo, *Sancho*: But had *Dulcinea* been really there in person, with all the witchery of love and beauty, I tell thee to my grief, I could not have said *Be* to the goose; that is, I could not have played the part of a gander: For my disorders rendered me unserviceable, which the *Civilians* term frigidity *quoad hanc*. But you, *Sancho*, had the *Austrian Donzella* betwixt the sheets, where I am afraid you did not behave so well as was wished. To come to a corporal contract, is the next *gradus* or step to a *Falathra*; and the *Falathra* is the *Falathra*, *Sancho*, which is all in all; yet whatever you did, (*sub Rosa*) I should imagine by the *plaudit* she gave you, that the work was well done."

They decried upon the road before them, a vast number of lights, that seemed like moving stars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the meaning of which, even Don Quixote could not comprehend.) P. 164.—155.

A burnt child dreads the fire, saith the proverb; but the real truth is, the *Don* and *Sancho* were never basted parabolically, but literally,

ally in the common notion and acceptation of the word. This adventure at the first view, prefaged more danger than any of the former ones, the number of enemies being greater than ever they had met with, except in the adventure of the sheep; add to this, its being night, for *Sancho* had bad eyes, and could not see to tilt well by candle light. *Rozinante* and the poor ass, stared and grew wilder at the approach of the lights, than they did at the wind-mill, for they were pretty well acquainted with that adventure. *Sancho* and his master halted, and began to tremble, but the reader must not condemn them for this *Tertian*, for they were seldom free from a *Quotidian* shaking.

Somewhat similar to this is the following story.

Some *students* of an university in *Spain*, having agreed to play the tragedy of *Petrus * Crudelis*; the actors were to be tried privately, that in case of inability, they might be changed. Two scholars in particular, undertook to play the parts of two ghosts, and at the rehearsals, performed so well as to meet with the approbation of the judges: But on the night of exhibition, when they were dressed and

* *Petrus*, king of Portugal, who murdered all his nobles and relations.

painted agreeable to their characters, and entered meeting one another, they were so amazed and frightened at the ghòstly appearance of each other, that they were unable to advance a step, or speak one word, and stood for sometime quaking and trembling, till they excited the audience to laughter, instead of raising the contrary passion ; and at last were obliged to retreat, by which means the performance was spoiled.

Which dreadful vision entirely extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague.) P. 165.—156.

The Don did not want *Sancho* to engage in the danger ; and therefore we may suppose he cried out to him,

*Hæc fuge (nate Die) teque his (ait) eripe
Flammis.*

And imagining himself to be *Hector's* ghost, proceeded in his own person :

*Si Pergama dextrâ,
Defendi possint etiam hæc defensa fuissent.*

The chattering of *Sancho's* teeth, puts me in mind of an *Oxford* scholar, who was a great
eater ;

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eater; and being invited to a feast, and made acquainted with the bill of fare, fasted the day before hand. He went to bed early in the evening, in order to prepare himself the better for the next day's encounter. But, O mischance! he was no sooner in bed than asleep, no sooner asleep than in a dream, in which he imagined himself at the feast; and while his teeth went faster than *Saucho's*, he kept continually crying out, "pray Sir hand the turkey, now the chine; please to advance the rump of beef;" and so on, till he ran through the bill of fare as perfectly as if he really had been at the feast. In the morning when he waked, he found (to his great sorrow) his teeth and jaws so sore, with the violence of his agitation, at the imaginary entertainment, that he was incapable of enjoying the real one.

The mourners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not stir out of the way; so that Don Quixote, without running any risk, drubbed them all round.) R. 166.—157.

In this victory, he conquered the *blacks* and the *whites* too. The singing-men deserted the dead body, and howled out a *requiem* for themselves, being departed souls, scattered up and down the face of the whole field.

The

The Don, out of all rule, measured their Spanish cloth by the spear, and meant to make a prize of the whole, as it was *sub hasta*. This was a fine night piece, worthy the pencil of a *Zeuxis*. Here and there lay the pittyful spoils of the Knights of the *black-robos*; ribbons were hacked into patches; gloves cut into thumb-stalls; hat-bands shrivelled into chitterlings; and scutcheons flew in the air like ravens; so that the field became a *black* heath; and *Rozinante*, embossed in the pursuit, never went prouder in his life, treading all the way upon Spanish cloth, of twenty shillings a yard.

All this while Sancho stood, beholding with admiration, the courage and intrepidity of the Knight.) P. 167.—158.

Aut meus Erasmus est, aut Dæmon.

Either this is *Don Quixote*, or the devil, thought *Sancho*, who is come to carry the body to the fellowship of the foul.

I beseech your worship, therefore, if you be a Christian, not to kill me, as in so doing you will commit the horrid sin of sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.) P. 167.—158.

This

This licentiate was of the lower form of the Levites, and had but lately come from his

Quò vos? ad. Glosteros.

Quid ibi vos? ad. sumendas ordenos.

Ubinus nas cum vos? etiam: si places vos.

He had no more Latin than the *Missale*, and that not in *Capite*, but by heart. This fellow, like many I have heard, could sing in tune, or rather *tone*, without regard to accents, quantities, and terminations. The Latin tongue seldom suffers purgatory, but in the mouths of these singing men, and I wonder the *Pope* hath no dispensation, or dirge at least, for the tortures of the Catholick language. Notwithstanding this, their persons are sacred, and their eatings religious; but it is scandalous, that such gross ignorance should have protection under so holy a shelter.

And who killed him? said Don Quixote. God himself, replied the batchelor, by means of a pestilential calenture that seized him. R. 168.—
158.

The Don neither feared God, giants, nor pestilential fevers, yet, his valour seemed to have some symptoms of discretion in it, and there-

therefore he let the matter alone; not being willing, like *Typhæus*, to wage war with heaven, least the attempt should be attended with bad consequences. In this case, the Don acted prudently, like the constable, who having met with a drunken Scotchman, strolling the streets very late at night, enquired where he had been? whither he was going? and many more such questions, to which he gave no answer. The constable became enraged at his silence, and, calling up a look of dignity and authority, asked, in a peremptory manner, to whom he belonged, or whose servant he was? To this he replied, *Well ha ye asked my friend, I serve a geud laird.* A lord, said the constable (more moderately) what lord? *E'en the geud laird of hosts*, replied the other. No sooner was this last sentence pronounced, but the constable began to tremble, and ordered the watchmen to let him go for fear of danger, saying to his comrades, "It is some Scotch lord or other, I will warrant you, we had better not meddle with him."

"I know Sancho, said he, that I have incurred the sentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on consecrated things, according to the canon; *si quis suadente diabolo, &c.*" P. 170.—161.

Had

Had the Don been in orders (though it would have been impossible to keep him so long) he might have been the richest man in Europe, upon a less penalty than five pounds a blow, if we consider his various beatings. I knew a quarrelsome scholar at *Oxford*, who was for ever giving battle, though he always came off worsted: The blows he took *pro tempore*, and his batterers *pro termino*; and as his purse failed, had recourse to his hammered noddle, and made some of his debtors pay off their old scores, so that he never was at a loss for money.

But to return to the note. This *Juxta illud siquis suadente diabolo, &c.* is similar to our bills of indictment. Whereas *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, contrary to the laws of his Catholick majesty, and the peace of this realm, not having the fear of God before his eyes, did murderously, bloodily, and feloniously (in, with, and by the advise, help, and assistance of one *Sancho Panza*, of the village aforesaid, and servant to *Don Quixote* aforesaid) disarmantle, rob, and rifle a sumpter-horse, ass, or mule, and *per minas, insultus et Durex*, that is to say, with three hard words, un-horse (ass or mule) unleg, and unable, *Alonzo Lopez*, ordinary to the fraternity of *Nova Prifona*; and at the same time took away,

away, besides his wits (which are not valued) a *missale*, six crucifixes, a rosary of beads, twelve indulgencies, as many *Agnus deis**, two *Anathemas*, and other considerable things, goods, and chattles, from *Alonzo Lopez* aforesaid, amounting in all, on a moderate estimate, to the value or sum of thirteen pence half-penny, or thereabouts. Therefore, the said *Don Quixote* aforesaid, and the said *Sancho Panza* aforesaid, are hereby indicted, arraigned, and charged to be guilty in the first place of *wit-murder*, secondly, of several sacrileges, and thirdly and lastly, of pilfering; and so we leave them to the consciences of twelve honest and true jury-men, and to the wisdom and mercy of a righteous judge, to do with them, what the law in these cases enacts and requires. *

* This is no bad satire on the loquaciousness of law preambles.

C H A P. VI.

This grass, my good master, proves beyond all contradiction, that there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts, by which it is watered, and therefore, we had better proceed a little farther, until we find where-with to allay this terrible thirst, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone.) P. 172.—163.

IT is a great query in the *scruple-house* of nature, which a man may best and longest indure, *hunger* or *thirst*; want of meat, or want of drink. The *Bacchanalians*, or brethren of the *spicket*, state the question in the negative, and lay down for a fundamental, that there is *no living without liquids*, not one day. The *Bilbos*, the *Trouts*, the *Aristippians*, the *Beereans*, the *Canarians*, and *Claret-teers*, all ancient philosophers, followed the opinion and practise of *Consul Bibulus*, and of the comprehensive *Tholus* and his cotemporary *Fuscus*, according to the measure of that draught which was,

— *Dignum sitiente Tholo, vel conjugo Fusci.*

A goddard, or rummer of the same size with the cann of *Silenus*; and the whole school
(I mean

(I mean *schola bibendi*) and their *affecæ bibaculorum, madidarum, and temulentorum*, who are the greatest and most spreading sect in the world, follow this standard to a drop for their morning and evening draught, which is called in the most authentick and emphatical word they have, *super naculum*. Amongst these, it is an undeniable principle, that *vita consistit in humido*, and that a dry soul, *quatenus talis*, cannot last. The intrinsical, radical moisture must be supplied, recruited, and replenished, with the extrinsical liquids: For, by the constant and quotidian succours, you provide against the conflagration of the microcosm, which, like that of the greater magnitude, must and will, unless prevented by those provident rules, die of a burning fever. The adverse party, who stile themselves brethren of the *Fange*, being sober fellows, are for having all conveyances dispatched the old way, by indent of tooth, and making provision for the flesh, make the flesh their provision. These lay down for their *Axioms* and *Dogmata*, *Tempus edax rerum*; which they translated, eat at all times; *Totos ponit apros*. Be not ashamed to have a stomach like a swine, *edo, ludo, live to eat*.

Cum morte summa voluptas;

N 2

There

There is no happiness in the grave, which is always devouring, never satisfied, eating even these great eaters themselves. They strengthen their argument with variety of learned precepts, such as,

*Animal propter convivium natum,
Homines fruges consumere nati.*

These considered rationally, and like natural philosophers, and computed the many parts, joints, sinews, arteries, veins, bones, similar, dissimilar, homogeneous, heterogeneous, spermatick, sanguinary, muscular, guttural, dental, mandibular, &c. &c. which are all to be maintained out of the kitchen-natural, the stomach, by the provider the mouth. But how is it possible to satisfy the several interests of so many ravenous expectants, especially as this microcosm is full of microcosms, and every one of us, even the least infant in the universality of men, hath as much to maintain, as the greatest giant in the world: Wherefore *Saturn* (the very *Lunsford** of the deities) taught

* This *Lunsford*, was a colonel of the king's party, whom the other party represented, as having a brutal appetite, that he devoured children, &c. reporting,

taught us what to do rather than starve. *Lycan* followed his steps, and indeed it has since their time been much practised: *Homo homini lupus*; we may eat one another till there is but one man left, and so the world may end as it began.

“If thou tellest thy tale in this manner,” cried *Don Quixote*, “repeating every circumstance twice over, it will not be finished these two days.”), P. 178.—169.

Once upon a certain time it fell out, and so happened, &c. &c. is the natural cement of most tales. The custom of ridiculous speeches prevail with most men, who having used themselves to some impertinent phrase, cannot, even in matters of the greatest consequence, forego it. A judge giving his charge at an assize, with great gravity and solemnity, frequently made use of the ridiculous phrase; *in that kind*. As, gentlemen of the jury, you ought to enquire after

porting, that when he fell, a child's arm was found in his pocket. He was killed at the taking of *Bristol*; and is said by the loyalists to have been a person of extraordinary sobriety and courage. He is mentioned by *Butler*, in his *Hudibras*, Part III. Cant. II. Ver. 1092.

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recufants *in that kind*; and fuch as do not frequent the church *in that kind*; but above all, fuch as haunt ale-houfes *in that kind*; notorious whoremafters *in that kind*; drunkards and blafphemers *in that kind*, are to be prefented *in that kind*, as the law *in that kind* directs. A gentleman being asked, after the court rofe, how he liked the judges charge? answered, it was the beft *in that kind* he ever heard.

Did not I tell you to keep a good account? faid Sancho, now before God! the tale is ended.) P. 180.—171.

The tale is loft, juft as the fellow loft his Eel becaufe he could not hold it; or *Tantalus* his apples, becaufe he could not catch them; or the fellow his geefe; or as his tale began who was to relate a ftory before the emperor *Vefpafian*, whole ill-favoured face prevented his fpeaking, till he was commanded to begin; when he excufed himfelf, and faid, he would ftay till his excellency came from ftool, which he gueffed was the emperor's prefent bufinefs by his face; but as the emperor could not change his face, the ftory-teller was obliged to change the room. In like manner *Sancho's* ftory ended very abruptly, leaving *Torralva* on one fide of the river, and the
goat-

goat-herd on the other : Like the Scotchman and his wife, who were more unhappily severed by a similar accident ; for *Jany* and her *geud lown* were travelling, and came to a *bury*, which at that time over-flowed ; here they were obliged to halt, and stood gaping *ean at ather*, till a traveller on horseback passing that way, proffered the courtesy of a waft alternately to them both. The Scotchman blessed him with *bath* his hands, and said, in *geud* faith Sir, let *Jany* gang first, and I will stay till you return. So *Jany* got up behind the traveller, and was very thankful for the favour, even more than became her, for being wafted over, she permitted her conductor to take some unbecoming familiarities with her ; which Jocky beholding, cried out, why *Jany*, what *an a labour an you at ? wha werks this Jany ? waws me, O for a dry burg !* For want of which, like the Don's keeping an account of the goat's, the tale is ended.

C H A P. VII.

In that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber; for which reason, the trimmer of the larger, that was hard by, served the lesser also.) P. 190.—180.

THIS transient face-mender in time, would have made a good Knight-errant; he was for the tournament, and could hit a hair: A man inured to martial instruments, which, if he had but the spirit to have drawn, the very sight of his tweezers would have brought the Don to a stand. But surely, the dull rogue shaved with a pumice-stone, and clipped with a pair of hedge-sheers; and though by the custom of Spain, he might ride on an *ass* to his customers; yet it seems by his flight, that his agility rather lay in his feet than his fingers. The tonsors of England, do not appear to be under the influence of *Aquarius*, but of nimble *Mercury*, who hath so spiritized their whole œconomy, that they are quick-silver to the fingers ends; for one may almost swear by the swiftness of their motions, that their hands are the *primum Movens*, and *ultimum Moriens*

Moriens of their whole bodies. Nor, are the rest of their parts less active, for their tongues are as fluent as their fingers; and except in one sense of the word, seldom lye still. Their shops are the forges of invention; the magazines of news, more frequented than a bookseller's stall: Thither the mongers resort for matter and inspiration; for after an effectual excitation of the ingenious atoms of the *Pericranium*, the spirits of the brain rise by a kind of contagion; and then the nimble factories of the fancy, move all their subtle engines of device, and presently (like *Minerva* out of *Jupiter*) issues all those diurnal births, which fill the *Mercuries* and *Gazettes* for the whole world.

I am not quite clear in that particular, replied the Knight; and in such a dubious case, till such time as we can get better information, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity for so doing be extreme.) P. 193.—183.

A council of war is called, to know whether they shall admit the *Trojan ass* into their wooden society. The Don was president of the council, and *Sancho* the advocate, being always a pleader for some illegal prize or other. *Quixote* refused to do an act of injustice, or derogation from the honour of his Knight-

Knight-errantry, though requested to it by his friend *Sancho*; for if a Knight-errant steals in *propria persona*, he is uncalendered for ever, and his name expunged the ephemerides of king *Arthur's* knights. But exchange is no robbery, especially if it is done by the Squire and not by the knight. In cases of irresistible necessity, as, when *Jugurth's* horse, *Alexander's* elephant, and *Cyrus's* dromedary were shot under them (or rather slain, for they lived before the invention of guns and gun-powder) it was lawful to take the first they could meet with: Nor did *Alexander* think it any disgrace to ride on a camel, when his elephant was gone. The Don, however, decreed and ratified, that *Sancho* should have all the *bona mobilia* (*præter ipsum Corpus*) of the prize ass taken in lawful fight, and translate them upon the back of his own ass,

Thou art not much in the wrong, replied Don Quixote.) P. 195.—185.

Sancho was a politic fellow, and knew how to raise his master's frenzy. Name but an emperor, a king, a queen, a lady, a giant, a castle, a monster, &c. &c. and he became an *Orlando Furioso*, a *Hercules Furens*, a *Jeronymo*, his imagination carrying him beyond the

the Sophy of Persia, into a more remote kingdom, where the king of that kingdom was rescued by that knight, that was in love with that daughter, that was heir to that king, that was oppressed by that giant, that was slain by that knight, &c. &c. &c.

The king, who is to be my father-in-law.)
P. 200.—190.

The repetition of *the king his father-in-law*, is like the phrase used by the illegitimate son of a nobleman, who used to say, *the lord his father* allowed him so much for this thing, and so much for t'other; and *the lord his father*, kept the best horses and hounds in the country, &c. But being in company one day, and making use of this phrase very often, a gentleman replied, Sir, I have often heard you talk of the *lord your father*, but the devil a word you say of the *whore your mother*.

And even if thou wast not so well qualified, it would be of no signification, because I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchasing.) P. 201.
—191.

The fountain of honour may give titles, though it cannot give deserts and abilities. But honours are frequently bought and sold,
which

which is the rise of the numerous nobility in the Spanish kingdoms. Though, indeed, an *Accipiamus Pecuniam, & Dimittamus Asinum*, is a current maxim in all countries, where an importunate rich coxcomb is gratified for his token, which never fails.

C H A P. VIII.

Since that is the case, resumed his master, here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul, force, and bring succour to the miserable.)
P. 203.—193.

THIS was *Argumentum ad hominem*. *Exempli gratiâ.*

Every thing under force is rescuable by my function ;

All these *slaves* are under force,

Ergo, they are rescuable by my function.

The syllogism is a very strong one. A demonstration, *à priore*, as to the Don ; as *à Posteriore*, to the slaves : The major no man durst deny, it was *Probatio Leonina ! quis ausus est quartam partem ?* The minor was as visible as the nose on his face ; and the conclusion undeniable, *per sæcula seculorum*. Thus by one syllogism in two figures, the
Don

Don proved himself into an adventure very logically; his mood being in *Barbara*, as to the matter of the rescue; and in *Bocardo*, as to the issue; *à quo*, as to the slaves; and *ad quem*, as to himself and *Sancho*, who could never persuade his master to any prudential forbearing of criminal encounters: But the Don's head converted every thing into the gross humours of *errantic* valour; which is somewhat similar to a clergyman, who always preached against *non-residency*, let his text be ever so foreign from the subject. The priest being himself unbeneficed, and a *ubiquetary*, made bold (*sede vacante*) to pay the *non-residentiaries*, for not stopping his mouth with a living. Some of his waggish auditors, determined to give him a text which should not enable him to stick to his old subject. The text they gave him was, *Abraham begat Isaac*. The next Sunday he mounted the pulpit, and had no sooner named his text, but he began; "A plain text beloved, against *non-residents*; for, if *Abraham* had not kept the company of his good woman *Sarah*; that is, had not been *resident*, then *Isaac* had not been born.

The priest's infatuation was like a metaphysical disputant at Oxford, who, let the question be, *an Zabarella fuit scriptorum opt. maximus?* would bring the confounded replicant to *materia prima*, by due form of argu-

ment; where if he caught him, *Tenet occiditq;* he would contund, and *extra-mund* him, more than *materia prima* itself was at the *Chaos*.

A man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle.) P. 206.—196.

Non barba facit philosophum.

A man may have a large beard, and yet be a pimp; and another may have never a hair on his head, and yet be a whoremaster; a third may have no beard, and yet be a eunuch. *Fronti nulla fides.* Black-beards are bad, brown dangerous, yellow worse, and red worst of all.

Et de virtute locuti——

——Clunem agitant.

And finding himself treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions, who retiring with him at a small distance, began to shower forth a number of stones upon their deliverer.) P. 215.—204.

See the wheel of fortune! O vicissitude! O moon! O madness! to think it can be otherwise to men under the moon! Trust not to honour, she's an Eel; nor to victory, she's a wheel; nor to riches, they are witches; nor to popularity, that short-liv'd charity; nor to friends, for love is for ends.

Ungrate-

Ungrateful Passamonte ! to reward the renowned *Don Quixote* with a peal of stones, for gloriously delivering you from the hands of the Philistines.

C H A P. IX.

Benefits conferred on base-minded people, are like drops of water thrown into the sea.) P. 216.—205.

—*Perditur Oceano gutta.*

WE have an English proverb (though not against ingratitude) full as smart; for to be unthankful is nearly allied to being insensible; so that *to grease a fat sow of the tail*, is somewhat similar. But these two proverbs, in their applications, are not alike, for few throw water into the sea; or, if once they have done it, they seldom do it a second time. Such is the disposition of human nature; we love and expect applause and flattery, for the favours we bestow, and if we miss of the vain-glorious harvest, we scarcely ever sow seed in that barren and *Lethæan* ground again.

But it shall be on condition, that thou shalt never, either in life or death, hint to any person
 O 2 what-

whatsoever, that I retired, and avoided this peril through fear, but merely in compliance with thy earnest request.) P. 217.—206.

This adventure of *Retirement* was one of the safest they ever encountered, and was of *Sancho's* projecting; politically engaged with an oath of secrecy. It would well become all spirits of equal understandings, and equal success with these of the Don's, to swear their seconds, never to reveal the unfortunate issue of their encounters, nor the necessities of a retreat.

C H A P. X*.

“*By heaven, it is false, cried Don Quixote, with great indignation and impetuosity, as usual; that report is the effect of malice, or rather meer wantonness. Queen Madafima was a most royal dame.*”) 240.—228.

IF the Don had permitted *Cardenio* to have completed his story, he would not have been so violent in the defence of the ladies; but (*áltera parte inauditâ* the Don hearing but with

* The greatest part of this chapter is filled with *Cardenio's* story, as he related it to Don Quixote, only Mr. Gayton has versified it; “because,” says he, “as it is long, the bestowing feet upon it, will

with one ear) this matter produced a dispute, for who knew queen *Madafima*, or *Elisabat*, better than our Knight? But they being imaginary beings, no where to be found, I am of opinion with *Cardenio*, that they were together. Though, as the lady was only a chimera, a name and nothing else, the Don might justify the chastity of a queen and no queen; a lady and no lady; a name and no body: But *Cardenio*'s mad fit coming on, he was determined to have the best of the argument, and confuted the Don flat on his back, not by reason, but with a well-guided stone; indifferent for the present, whether *Madafima* was incontinent with *Elisabat* or not. Poor *Sancho*, seeing his master so roughly handled, came to his assistance. What a pity it is, that good nature should betray a man into mischief? Yet *aliquod Malum, propter vicinum*, and like master like man, was a proverb at this time fully exemplified, for *Cardenio* conquered both of them.

will make it pass away the quicker," His introducing it in this work, was very improper, it being a part of the history, and as his poetry in general is very lame and indifferent, no other reason need be assigned for the omission.

C H A P. XI.

If it were the will of heaven, that beasts spoke as they did in the days of Hyssop, I should be less uneasy, because I would converse with my ass at pleasure; and that would be some comfort to me in my misfortunes.)* P. 243.—231.

SANCHO dislikes the incomparable use of silence; admirable, if voluntary, but less commendable if imposed. He wishes that beasts had the gift of speech; but it is their silence that hath kept them so long in peace and amity: There are no challenges amongst them, no duels, no wars. They have a few natural sounds for the significations of their several wants or satisfactions, and being speechless, live contented and grow fat upon it; for talking spends the spirits, and *Livia's* would never be fat.

* Dr. Smollet gives us the word *Hyssop*, as a corruption of *Æsop*. Mr. Jarvis translates it *Guifopete*, which is the Spanish name of *Æsop*. The first is best, being most agreeable to *Sancho's* dialect.

Eben

Eheu quam pingui macer est mihi Taurus in Arvo?

Amongst reasonable creatures, to whom language is given, the least talkative are accounted the wisest. What a miserable thing it is, to hear people, almost every where, saying, *would my tongue had been out when I spoke it. That tongue of your's will undo you, &c. &c.*

From hence the ignorant and malicious vulgar took occasion to say, and suppose, that she admitted of his caresses: But, they lie—I say again, all those who either say or think so, lie in their throats, and I will tell them so two hundred times over.) P. 244.—232.

Had *Madafima* and *Elisabat*, been other than imaginary beings, one should have thought the Don bribed to this defence. He is determined to carry his point, and maintain his argument by force; which is the only way some things have been maintained and supported: This kind of confutation hath been practised in other countries besides *Spain*. *Quixote's* resolution to defend the character of *Elisabat*, might be founded in self-interested views, for he was a surgeon, and probably a barber-surgeon, and in that case, he hoped to exchange basons with him,

him, for *Mambrino's* helmet was rufully battered.

If I apprehend the matter aright, said Sancho, the knights who played such mad pranks were provoked, and had some reason to aēt these foole-ries and penance: But what cause bath your worship to turn madman.) P. 247.—235.

Insanio cum ratione.

Sancho was the wisest of the two, for he thought it absurd for his master to be mad, or to suffer hardships unprovoked; and I shall suppose he reasoned with him as follows. I, Sir, have lost my ass, and therefore should I run mad it would be a pardonable thing in me. But you have lost nothing but your wits and your way home. *Dulcinea*, your mistress, lady, queen, or whatever else you please to call her, has given you no cause to go beside yourself; she is chaste, virtuous, and honourable, whom neither prince, knight, inchanter, moor, nor the devil himself can seduce; why then should you run mad? *Amadis* had reason for his madness, his mistress was a pouting slut, a sullen hussy, but by jove, I would have curried her coat for her, before I would have run mad. My wife is sometimes in the mubble-fubbles, and what do you think I do, master, of mine? why, I
take

take my afs and go to the next town, and there I ftay as long as I please, and let her fulks fubble out as they muddled in. *Orlando*, alfo, was not mad without reason, for *Angelica* made him *horn-mad*; but you are an obftinate madman, and will be mad, becaufe you will be fo.

As there is no paper to be had in this place.)
P. 254.—242.

It is a great query, whether it would not have been more for the interefts of mankind, if the invention of making paper had never been introduced into the world: Not that paper is of itfelf pernicious, dangerous, or of evil confequence; it being the *faireft* child of *foul* parents, that ever was, even to the converting the axiom, *corruptio peffimi eft generatio Optimi*; for from flips and snips, irreconcilable and fuper-annuated fhirts and fhifts, come very fair *heets*: So, that, had not writing and printing corrupted fo admirable an invention, by the peftilent matter they impreff upon it, the project might have proved an univerfal benefit. The fame objection may be raifed againft gun-powder and tobacco; for many have imagined, that their inconveniencies exceed their conveniencies.

All the poets, who have celebrated ladies, under names which they invented at pleasure, had not really such mistresses as they describe.) P. 257.
—244.

What harm had the poets done him, that he should insinuate their mistresses were only chimerical and imaginary? And that they never knew the delights of a nuptial night, or came to a *Zonam solvit diu ligatam*, or reaped the sweet pledges of those pleasant encounters? *Homer*, *Ovid*, and *Virgil*, were married men, and *Petrarch*, had his chaste and unblemished *Laura*. Poets are composed of such volative spirits, that unless they are fixed at home with amiable objects of their own, not *Cæsar's Livia* would be free from their inveiglings.

C H A P. XII.

Flourish then the memory of Amadis! and let him be imitated as much as possible, by Don Quixote de la Mancha.) P. 264.—251.

SECOND thoughts are sometimes best. To retract from an evil design, not only shews wisdom, but that a man is master of his passions and humours; whereas, some men are so resolute and bigotted to their own judgments

ments and opinions, that if once they engage in any particular scheme, they will pursue it, however opposed by self-reproofs and inconveniencies. The Don wisely forsook his first resolution of tormenting, and almost annihilating himself, and determined to follow the example of *Amadis*, being more easy and rational. Similar to this, is the story of a person, who having been at a gaming house, and lost his money and estate, grew desperate, and determined to hang himself on the first convenient sign-post he came to. Coming to a proper place, he fixed his garters, and was preparing for execution, when on a sudden, a merry thought came into his head, which diverted him from his purpose, and he went away, saying to himself, "I reprieve thee from day to day, till thou diest a natural death."

He found an unsurmountable difficulty in the want of an hermit to confess and console him.)
P. 264.—252.

We have no account of the words of confession in the history, but I have it in my power to satisfy the curious reader.

The Confession of Don Quixote, taken from some fragments of Cid Hamet Benengeli, originally in Latin.

Gran-

I.

*Grandæve, & constans Pater, Fateor
 Me non esse Dominum de Gateor,
 Nec, (quantumvis amens hic amando)
 Furiosum, qui dictus est Orlando,
 Sed per Orbiculos Petri & Pauli
 (Hos fellis globos) sum Amadis du Gauli.*

II.

*Erravi fateor, cum patribus meis,
 Erravi pater, cum, & sine eis:
 Doce, quæso, quo me vertam, quia
 Nec fui, nec futurus sum in viâ.*

III.

*In aurem fateor hæc susurrans
 Juvenis consilium omne abhorrens,
 Consulta sprevi matris atque Patris,
 Qui designaverunt me aratris.*

IV.

*Sed addixi me Legendis Libris
 Permendacibus & comburendis,
 Ubi de militibus pugnacibus
 Invulneratis Ferro, & facibus
 Miranda vidi, & mulieres
 Quas vivendo pænè Lapis fieres;
 Sed pater; quod ad res veneras,
 Si quid unquam novi, malè Pereas.*

Paren-

V.

*Parentibus defunctis per diem
 Et Domus erant mihi tædium.
 Fabulis refertus feror pronus
 Ut miles essem, valeat Colonus.
 Conscendo æquum mox & capio arma,
 Et cum Conto Cuspide, & Parmâ,
 Quæ non tuli (pater) quæ non feci?
 Plusquam (quando egressus sum) conjeci.*

VI.

Enumerare velim libens, &c. &c.

These stanzas were engraved on different trees, but whether the sixth was erased by time or weather, or left unfinished originally, is uncertain.

However, it will not be amiss to leave him, engrossed by his sighs and poetry; in order to recount what happened to Sancho Panza, in the execution of his embassy.) P. 266.—253.

Sancho is on his journey to *Toboso*, but not like *Bellerophontes*, with letters to his own undoing. He arrived at the inn, where he encountered the adventure of the blanket; which indignity disturbed his valiant soul, and made him resolve not to enter the house; but being discovered by the curate and bar-

P

ber

ber, who were there at that time, is prevailed on, by threats and intreaties, to relate the business of his journey. But, O mischance! when he searched for the letter in order to have it transcribed by the curate, behold, it was gone! supposing he had lost it by the way, he began to revenge himself upon himself, and tore his beard * up by the roots. The curate and barber were astonished at his violence, and endeavoured to persuade him from it, but all to no purpose, for great grief is insensible and impatient of advice.

* I thought he had lost his beard before, in the scuffle with Cardenio and the Goatherd. Our author forgot himself here, though the same mistake is made by *Cervantes*.

C H A P. XIII.

The landlady dressed up the curate in a most curious manner.) P. 272.—260.

THE dress was rather antique, being somewhat similar to the mode of dress in good king *Bamba's* * days, who was regardless of fashions; but would have been ridiculous in the time of *Cambyfes* †, for history informs us he was a most courtly prince, and a great observer of modes and ceremonies in *Arabia*. Now, though this dress would have moved any ordinary person to laughter, it doubtless had a contrary effect with the Don, who seeing a lady submitting herself in such a garb to his protection, and styling him her deliverer, restorer, and revenger of her injuries, would instantly imagine, that some giant, or inchanter, had robbed her castle, killed her knight, stole the young princess, stripped her of every thing valuable, and reduced her to the necessity of wearing such a dress: So that it was the more likely to raise a higher thirst for revenge in his errantic-soul.

* King of the Visigoths, in Spain.

† The Son of Cyrus, and king of the Medes and Persians, who added *Ægypt* to his dominions.

At that instant Sancho chanced to come up, and seeing them in such a garb, could not refrain from laughing.) P. 274.—261.

Per multos risos poteros cognoscere stultos.

Though it is the sign of a fool to laugh often or excessively, it is the part of rational men to laugh sometimes, especially when risible objects present themselves. The contrary-passionate philosophers *Heracitus* and *Democritus*, cried and laughed at the same objects. The curate's beard was not more ridiculous than *Sancho's*, yet he sneered at it, not having seen his own face in a glass since he left home. The intention of this foolish metamorphosis, was commendable in one point, though ridiculous in the other; for however well they were disposed, who in their senses would attempt to regain a perverse, obstinate, mad Knight-errant? If a man was to examine himself impartially, and scrutinize his actions through life, he would ingeniously confess, *Inter ridenda & deslenda tempus esse perditum*, and might compare himself to the head with two faces, the one weeping, and the other laughing.

While they lay at their ease, under the covert of this shade, their ears were saluted with the sound

sound of a voice, which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sung so sweet and melodiously, that they were struck with astonishment.) P. 275.—262.

Such rare strains, so excellently sung, made the curate and barber imagine them to come from some extraordinary person, and so it proved; for on their searching for the person, they found it was *Cardenio*, of whom mention has been made before.

Mr. Gayton concludes his notes on this first Volume, with the continuation of *Cardenio's* story in verse, which is omitted for the same reason as the former part was.

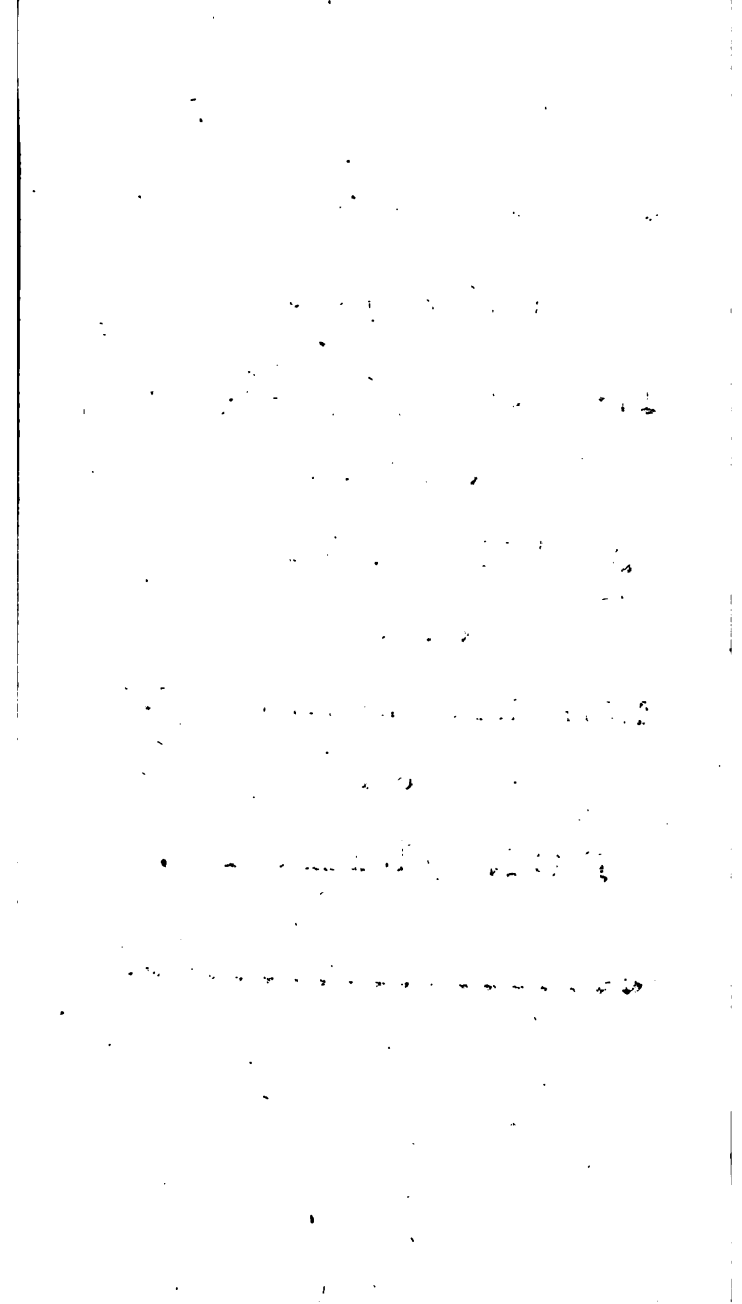
END of the FIRST VOLUME.





FESTIVOUS
N O T E S
O N T H E
SECOND VOLUME,
O F T H E
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
O F
DON QUIXOTE.





FESTIVOUS
NOTES
ON THE
HISTORY and ADVENTURES
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

TEXT.

*Thrice happy and fortunate was that age,
which produced the most audacious Knight Don
Quixote de la Mancha.) P. I.—I.*

*Fælix illa dies ! quæ magni Conscia partûs,
Quixotum terris, & tibi Mancha dedit.*

IT is very probable, that he was cotemporary with *Garagantua*, or the Knight of the *Sun*; though, by his wildness and wandering, he seems to have been most conversant with the Knights of the *Moon*, who every month drop from that orb, and perform strange feats in this. In the register of
the

the *Mancha*, there is nothing to be found but these words, which are preserved with great art and care: *Hab: Lunat: Quix: Anno ante Orb: Cond. P. 10.*

All three stood gazing attentively at the apparition.) P. 2.—2.

Notwithstanding their wonder and admiration, the curate neither counted his beads, nor repeated his pater-nosters; yet, this most magnetic piece so powerfully affected him, that he was resolved to approach nearer to it, being for a *contactus*, which was natural; and probably, if occasion had offered for a *contractus*, which would have been spiritual in the ecclesiastical court; but *nos inter nos*, very carnal.

This chapter concludes with *Dorothea's* story, as related in the history, only in verse, like *Cardenio's*, which I omit, for reasons before given.

C H A P. II.

I will then use that privilege to which every gentleman is intitled, and in single combat, demand satisfaction for the injury he has done you.)

P. 21.—21.

THIS text, naturally leads me to make some remarks on the pernicious practice of duelling. Were we to set aside all laws, human and divine, duelling seems to be an unjustifiable piece of fortitude, or rather false valour. But, if we come with this argument into the *school of defence*, we shall be branded as cowards; while the maintaining a challenge against our brother (not only of the sword, but in nature) is accounted honourable. There is one thing that will ever be a check to these hectors, and that is, that after a duel, even the conqueror is obliged to fly, which is a cowardly action. To this they will answer, that it is for fear of the laws of their country. What pretention have they to honour, who dare commit an action they are ashamed of, in defiance of all Christian laws? What is generally disapproved of, no one should venture to attempt; and since the practice of duelling is made unlawful by most nations, for obvious and humane reasons, it is unnatural, and morally evil.

At

At that instant they heard and recognized the voice of Sancho, who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, hollowed aloud.)
P. 22.—22.

He might have cried out, bread and meat for the lord's sake (for his half starved lord's sake) who, with hunger and cold, had almost put an end to his errantry.

Sancho's hollowing out till he found his friends, puts me in mind of the following story:

A fool, belonging to a nobleman, in days of old, being displeased with some ill usage from the family, disappeared, and was not to be found. A fool belonging to a neighbouring lord, undertook to search after him, assuring the family he would soon find his cousin, *Tony*. His method was this, he went all over the house, and in every room he came to, he cried out, "*O Tony, are you there? I see you.*" At last, coming to the place where the fool had secreted himself, and still crying out, "*O Tony, I see you, that I do,*" the other answered from his lurking place, "*O but you do not.*"

I con-

I condescend and grant it, resumed the knight, provided in so doing, I act neither to the detriment nor derogation of my king and country.) P. 26.—26.

Two obligations which he had forfeited over and over, and yet we see how tender his conscience was in a point he had so often violated. This faithful lover of king and country, was under the privy search of the holy brotherhood, for the rescue of his majesty's slaves sent to the galleys; the country was full of hues and cries for the adventure of the sheep, which all his *Manchegan* estate would not satisfy; the helmet of *Mambrino*, was stolen from the poor village-barber, who was determined to arrest him the first time he met with him; and the present sustenance which *Sancho*, his receiver and treasurer had, were the spoils of *Cardenio's* port-manteau; to these we may add, the demands of his hosts, who were his unwilling creditors, and intended to unhorse him if ever he came in their way.

Pray Mr. Licentiate, what cause hath brought you hither alone, &c. &c.) P. 33.—32.

The curate was put to a grand case of conscience, whether in point of urgent necessities, as the saving a friend's life from perils of robbers, or any other accident (legally to be

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per-

permitted) or from the obstinate melancholly of a person, sworn and devoted to ruin himself and family; in such a case, for a *majus beneficium*, or *bonum Reipublicæ*, or to ones ownself, whether the lips of the preacher is always to speak truth? if the frequency of lying might excuse it, it will easily meet with justification. He answered his mental objection mentally, saying, *In foro, coram Judice, in pulpito, coram Episcopo in rebus litem dirimentibus*, he was substantially, really, and verily to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth; but in extrajudicial cases, and such as propose either a public or private good end, he was satisfied he might transgress the beaten path of truth, and follow that road which was most expedient to his honest designs; reckoning these matters amongst the peccadillos and venialia, which are never placed to account in the black book. But, by-the-bye, his transgression was one of the most barefaced lies I ever heard of; for had the legacy of the sixty thousand pieces of eight been true, how was it possible for him and the barber to have carried it with them, in good silver, as he affirmed? As to the second lye, viz. their being robbed of it by the gally slaves, the dissertation of divinity at the end of it, will in some measure atone for it, for
with

with a very little enlargement, it might pass for a homily on charity.

C H A P. III.

Scarce had the curate pronounced this apostrophe, when Sancho blundered out, "then in good faith, Mr. Licentiate, he who performed this exploit, was no other than my master." P. 34.—33.

TO what purpose is it, for a wise lord to contrive and plot well, and have treacherous servants, fellows that are conscience-touched with a sermon? Such timorous rogues are not fit for great designs, and noble engagements. The Don heard all the curate said, appeared unconcerned, and kept the secret; nay probably, like some of our worldly hypocrites, could have railed against his own villany to avoid suspicion; and in case he thought himself powerful enough, would have made bold to justify it, for it is the opinion of some daring souls, that the more they are feared, the more they are obeyed.

"In the first place gentlemen, you must know, that my name is——". Here she made a full stop, having forgot how the curate had christened her.) P. 36.—35.

Oportet mendacem esse memorem.

Sinon made no scruple of that infamous lie about the *Trojan* horse, but with a solemnity commanding belief, laid the whole affair on the gods, and called it their artifice.

Divinâ Palladis Arte.

The motto under the text to this note, *That liars ought to have good memories*, leads me to notice the memories of persons of very different characters. *Cæsar's* memory was so strong, that he could call all his soldiers by their names. *Seneca* remembered all he had read, and all he had written. Some remember more than they should, and others not so much. *Dorothea* forgot herself at first setting out with her story, it being all fiction, but after the first halt, she went on with a good grace.

Don Quixote hearing this circumstance, cried, *what do you think now, friend Sancho?*) P. 39—39.

The Don is transported, and being raised in his judgement and imagination, supposes the work done, before it is begun; the enemy slain, the queen restored, himself inaugurated and naturalized, his royal robes on, and the glittering ensigns of his state and dignity born before him, while, passing through
crouds

crowds of adorning suppliants, he is proclaimed king of *Micomicon*.

For, while my memory is engrossed, my will enslaved, and my understanding subjected to her who——I say no more; but that it is impossible I should incline, or have the least thought towards marrying any other person, though she were a perfect Phoenix.) P. 41.—40.

Neither beauty, virtue, nor affability, are the objects of every ones love: For we frequently make choice of wives, who are neither fair nor sensible. There are others, who give the preference to beauty alone, and yet fail of being happy; though this is not to be wondered at, for if beauty alone is the attracting object, it is soon in eclipse like the sun, and being lost to view, ceases to be admired. Many *Ariadnes* have been despised and rejected long before the *honey-moon* has been over, and have undergone more tedious and cruel separations, than that of *Penelope's* of old. The Don's affections were fixed, but what the perfections of *Dulcinea* were, we have not yet been told; and therefore it is probable his love was like the man's in the epigram.

*Non amo te (sabidi) nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te*

è Converso.

The Don's irrefragable constancy to *Dulcinea*, and refusal of this *Phoenix*, provoked *Sancho's* ambitious spirit, and made him chatter like a jay.

Sancho was so much disgusted at this last declaration of his master, refusing the marriage, that raising his voice, he cried, with great indignation, "Signor Don Quixote, I vow and swear your worship is crazy." P. 41.—40.

What, despise a *Phoenix*? O owl! thou hast kept company with bats, buzzards, and beetles, in your retirement in the desert! It is obstinate blindness to shut your eyes against the *Phoenix* of the age, made bright by the ashes of affliction, and hunt after a pole-cat: One glance of the queen's eye, is more lovely and bewitching, than *Dulcinea's* heart, were she to cast it up; which, would it were out, rather than it should prevent us in our progress to honour. Pray, Sir, settle your affection here, and despise that scavenger's load at *Toboso*. Though not in these words, to this effect exclaimed *Sancho* against his master's ignorance and stupidity, which raised the Don's wrath, and drew down vengeance on the Squire.

——— *Manet altâ mente repostum
Judicium solidi, spretæque injuria Doudæ.*

Wars

Wars have been waged, and nations embroiled in blood one against another, upon similar occasions.

C H A P. IV.

“ *All this is pretty well; proceed, said Don Quixote: How was that queen of beauty employed when you arrived? I dare say, you found her stringing pearls, &c.)* P. 47.—46.

THIS dialogue between the *Don* and *Sancho*, concerning the high and mighty *Dulcinea*, may be compared to those of *Lucian*, it being *Laus & vituperium Rei*, full of hyperbolical and ridiculous flatteries on the *Don's* side, and blunt downright abuses on *Sancho's*.

Some friendly sage must have carried thee through the air, though thou didst not perceive it.) P. 51.—51.

Mephistopholus is the spirit of expedition, and consigned to attend on Knight-errants, their ladies, and affairs; for the Knights and Squires ride as if the devil was under them, and their ladies, as if the devil was in them, or over them: *Pacolet's* horse for the lords, and *Ephialtes* the night-mare for their viragos; probably *Dulcinea*, committed *Sancho* to the care of one of her familiars, who gave him
the

the *Presto* and a *vade celeriter* through the air; but he came not flying, but lying, all the way. By the help of these *Necromantical pneumatergies*, the famous *Drake* encompassed the world, and shot the great gulph, where as we are told, he remained three days before he rose again*.

Wherefore, without troubling yourself at present, about my lady Dulcinea, I would have you go and slay the giant.) P. 53.—52.

Well advised, *Sancho*, always kill the bear before you divide the skin. The Squire is for a head in a platter, a thief in chains, a mastiff in a muzzle, a bird in hand, and a fish in the net. Such plain and easy proverbs learned in his rustical life, were of great use to him in his military affairs, for he was now a soldier of fortune, and it concerned him as much as his earldom, to have the giants head in his wallet, by way of removing all difficulties and obstructions to his honour and preferment. He was like the Irish foldier,

* From the conclusion of this note, it is probable, some such story had been told of *Drake*; be that as it will, some of our modern voyagers have imposed things on the public equally as miraculous.

who seeing an enemy dead, did not think him secure till he cut off his head, and then boasted he had killed him.

In like manner, said Sancho, I have heard a priest in the pulpit observe, that we must love our Saviour for his own sake, without being moved thereto by any fear of punishment, or hopes of applause.) P. 54.—53.

This wants a *Lipsian* marginal, a *nollem dictum mi Tacite*. For where the historian makes too free in censuring the actions of the gods, as he frequently did with the emperors; he says, *Credo diis magis nostram ultionem curæ esse quam securitatem*. Sancho was only a censurer of men, or rather, of himself, for he very honestly gave his reasons for serving God, which being profane, should have been omitted; though it is to be feared they are generally too true: For it has been observed, that our prayers are made to the Gods, but the matter is for ourselves.

*Prima fere vota, & cunctis notissima Templis
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes ut maxima toto,
———nostra sit Arca foro.*

Which may be translated thus :

The

*The sum of most mens oraisons is this,
Descend O Jove, as once thou didst of old,
Into thy Danae's lap (the seat of blifs)
And fill our chests with splendid show'rs of
gold.*

*At that instant, master Nicholas calling aloud
to them, to stop a little, that the rest might
have time to drink at a spring which they found
in their way.) P. 54.—53.*

The curate did well to put them in mind
of the spring, for their discourse was very
dry. Water is good for many things, and
never was more serviceable than at present.
It was useful to wash *Sancho's* foul mouth,
after the various lies he had told his master.
It was good for the *Don* and *Cardenio*, who
looked like *Westphalia* flitches, with their
long watching and fasting. It was good for
the *Licentiate*, who as a scholar, was to taste
of the fountain in memory of *Parnassus*; and
as a divine, in remembrance of his holy-wa-
ter: It was good for the lady *Dorothea*, that
she might be stiled the only meritorious and
sacred nymph of that fountain; and, lastly,
it would have been useful to the *barber*, if he
had carried his wash-ball and instruments
about him, who might have shaved the whole
company gratis, or *symbolo soluto*, paying no-
thing at the next inn towards the reckoning.

How-

However, as this could not be done, the curate desired them to sit down, like those of the first age, making a grass-plat their table, and accept of his *parable*, and sentences in praise of slender diet, *as modicum non nocet, Natura minimo contenta*, especially to those who had fasted so long; and though *venter caret Auribus*, is a common saying, yet, in case of a general want, the belly must hear with other ears, and be governed by the æconomical discipline of the whole body.

I am that same individual young man, called Andrew, whom your worship delivered from the tree to which I was tied.) P. 54.—54.

The Don began to exult at the sight of poor *Andrew*, and valued himself for the greatest piece of chivalry that ever was performed by Knight-errant, supposing that *Andrew* would magnify his redemption, and praise the valorous encounter: Big with this thought, he began to question the boy before the company; but the issue of the dialogue was similar to that with *Sancho*, concerning *Dulcinea*, and tended as much to his honour, as that did to her's.

Answer without perturbation or doubt, and tell this honourable company what passed.) P. 55.—55.

Cried

Infandum jubes renovare dolorem,

Cried *Andrew*, - "Sir Knight, please to let me pull off my cloaths, and there read the bloody history, for I am so scarrified, that a very little cookery would make me an excellent carbonado. I have many proofs about me of your honour's intercession; but what disturbed me most, after your worship's departure, was my master's jeers; for these were harder to be born than the stripes on my back; so that my second punishment was worse than the first, owing to your wisdom's ill-timed friendship; for which, may the devil confound you and all your race."

C H A P. V.

The hostess recounted to them what had happened in her house, between him and the carrier; then looking round the room, and seeing Sancho was not present, she told the whole story of the blanketting, to the no small entertainment of the company.) P. 60.—59.

THE conversation, business, or behaviour, of departed guests, generally supply our inn-keepers with matter to entertain the succeeding travellers. Were we inquisitive, we might easily find out most mens (and womens) inten-

intentions, inclinations, and designs, by following them a day's journey behind on the road. We generally discover our real thoughts and dispositions freely and without disguise, where we are not known, being regardless of detection; but if we consider things properly, we shall find that it is almost impossible to conceal our actions from the world; for what we wish to hide from it, is sometime or other made known by such unforeseen accidents, that we may venture to pronounce, *there is a secret curse attends doing that which is wrong.*

I have now in my custody two or three of them, together with some other papers, which, I verily believe, have preserved not only my life, but also that of many others; for, in harvest time, a great number of reapers come hither, to pass the heat of the day, &c.) P. 60.—59.

The host's policy, in drawing company to his house, and keeping them there when he had them, was a laudable piece of ingenuity, and the manner of entertaining them, much more commendable than the usual diversions of gaming. A gentleman was once distressed for workmen to get his harvest in, every one pretending he was engaged, which was not the real case; whereupon, he thought of a scheme to entice them; this, was to procure a bear and fiddle, proclaiming free access

R

to

to the sport for every one: It succeeded, and soon drew the workmen to him from all parts, and by means of his *brewings of beer*, and *Bruin the bear*, he soon got his work done.

Hold your peace, child, said the landlady; methinks you too well acquainted with these things: Young maidens, like you, should neither know nor speak so much.) P. 61.—61.

The daughter's knowledge in these matters is not to be wondered at, since her mother was a dame of good understanding herself. Eggs that are hatched in an oven, generally bring forth spirited chickens. *Romulus* was cruel, being suckled by a wolf.* What we imbibe in our infancy from our mothers and nurses, is not curable by physic, the mischief being scattered through the very first principles of nature, and is no more to be discovered than *Matera prima*; and as *Pliny* saith, *Morbi sicut alia legantur*, our dis-

* Our author here falls in with the common traditionary story, which is not true: For *Romulus*, and his twin-brother *Remus*, being exposed by the river *Tyber*, were found by *Faustulus*, whose wife brought them up; and she being a common harlot, was called *Lupa*, from whence they were said to be suckled by a wolf.

eases are as hereditary from our parents, as their estates; and so are our vices, especially those *ab utero derivata*: For, *partus sequitur ventrem*, and I do not remember to have read, that ever a *Messallina* brought forth a *Lucrece*.

What! you intend to burn these books? then said the inn-keeper.) P. 62.—61.

He would have committed his wife to the flames with less compunction; for his books were the bait with which he caught his gudgeons; the cement of his company, drawing more than his sign, or any thing within the house, except the *tapster*.

It is impossible for publicans to live, unless they have something new, curious, and uncommon, for the entertainment of their customers. Each reigns in his turn. An instance or two, may suffice to prove this. A host riding through a river, caught a very large Eel with his horse's hoof, which having a loose nail, stuck in the fish and held it fast. The largeness of the Eel, and the wonderful manner of taking it, drew company to his house to have a sight of it, he having stuffed the skin till it was ready to burst, in order to magnify the miracle, for he was too cunning to mention a word about the loose nail. But this trick was but for a time, for a brother landlord being jealous of his success, and finding every one went to see the Eel; adver-

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tised a pike, which he declared he had taken;
with a live wild-duck in its belly; this drew
all the company from the Eel, and verified
the proverb, that *every dog bath his day*.

C H A P. VI.* and VII.

MR. Gayton, makes no remarks on the
story of the *Impertinent Curiosity*, which
is the contents of these two chapters, and
part of the eighth; but comments on what
the curate says at the conclusion of the story
(see page 124, in *Smollett's* translation, and
page 123 in *Jarvis*) by telling some stories
similar to it. The first is too trivial, and the
second too indecent to have a place here,
therefore the Editor has omitted both: But
the third being entertaining, though tedious
in the original, is reduced into the present
form, as follows:

The RIDICULOUS MALECONTENT,

A TALE.

THERE was a *Clarissimo* of *Venice* (a dig-
nity not inferior to that of the Roman
Patricii) who, besides his noble birth, was a
man of vast revenues; and, as an addition to
his happiness, was blessed with a wife of in-

* Page 66, in *Smollett* and *Jarvis*.

comparable beauty and virtue. Though jealousy is the natural growth of *Italy*, yet, he was neither jealous, nor laid her under those customary restraints that other husbands practise, but permitted her to appear in public, and indulged her with the privilege of entertaining her friends in her own person, unveiled, and unsuspected: So, that, they were esteemed as the miracle of *Venice*; she, for her transcendent beauty and good conduct; and he, for his liberal turn of mind, indulgencies, and permissions.

The only bar to the *Clarissimo's* happiness, was the want of issue to inherit his title and estates; and his not being blessed with any after four years marriage, gave him great uneasiness; especially, as he imagined, from his age (being twice as old as his lady) that he never should have any. The vanity of an old man, might, in some measure, make him wish for children; but his principal reason arose from a hatred he bore his brother, who, on some occasion, had not behaved well, and therefore he was unwilling he should inherit his fortune at his death. Uneasy and distressed in mind, how to disappoint the expectations of his brother, he at last determined to be made a father by some means or other, at all events: But how to effect it, was *res ardua*; for, as his

wife was both innocent and virtuous, he supposed her incapable of receiving a proxy, though he should solicit it, and therefore, he had no hopes of success in communicating his romantic design to her; however, he resolved to put his scheme in execution.

He had frequently noticed an English merchant on the *Piazza*, who was not only young but beautiful: Him he thought the most likely person for his purpose, and therefore gave him an invitation to his house. In a few days, the *Clarissimo's* civilities brought on an intimacy, nor was the merchant able to withstand his solicitations, being charmed with the person, company, and conversation of his lady. One day, after dinner, the *Clarissimo* took the merchant into his garden, and in a retired part of it, disclosed his purpose in the following manner.

“ Sir, your person and candid disposition charm me, and therefore, the freedom I have of late indulged you with, is but the prelude to greater privileges. You seem to admire my wife, who doubtless, is not only in person, but disposition, more than woman; yet, I am so unfortunate as to be miserable. The cause is the want of children, and what adds to the weight of this misfortune is, my having a brother, whose wicked disposition leads him to every thing that is evil. Like a vulture, he
waits

waits for my carcass ; not a bell tolls, but he wishes it for me ; his *how d' you* man comes every day to know how I slept the last night, when his errand is to enquire whether I have slept my last. To disappoint this ravenous expectant of his hopes, and prevent his malignant issue from enjoying my fortune, is all I wish ; to effect this design, I have in a happy hour, made choice of thee : Proxies are allowed in all courts, and why not in cases of this sort ? All things conspire in thee, to effect my wishes, and accomplish that, which will make me happy. This night *Euphema* (that being the lady's name) sleeps within thy arms. Be confident I am serious, and with your consent, will, by fair or foul means, have the matter executed." The merchant promised to fulfil his wishes, provided the lady could be brought to consent, at the same time, flattering himself, that his person and address might prevail. Matters being thus settled, the *Clarissimo* returned from the garden to his lady, and acquainted her with his proposterous, and unnatural design, threatening instant death if she refused. *Euphema's* surprise rendered her incapable of making any reply, being lost in horror and amazement. Night approached, the fatal hour arrived : The *Clarissimo* conducted the merchant to his own chamber, and in a short time dragged in *Euphema* by force.

Her

Her tears and entreaties were not able to make him relinquish his purpose, for he soon withdrew and locked the door, leaving her to the mercy of the merchant, whose thoughts were exalted with the proposed joy; and, though the lady seemed reluctant, the protection of the *Clarissimo* gave him spirits. The elegance of the room, rich furniture, stately bed, and above all, the beauty of *Euphema*, conspired to render it a perfect paradise; wherefore, with pidgeon speed he flew to his Venus; and said, "madam, it is improper as well as unkind, to be coy, and not embrace the present golden opportunity which the god of love has given you for the enjoyment of supernal delights."

Euphema, dreading the consequences of an absolute refusal from her critical situation, and vowed revenge of her lord, fell on her knees, bathed in tears, saying to the merchant; "Sir, if your heart is susceptible of the least humanity, pity me as a distressed woman, whose conduct in life, and virtuous disposition, lead me to consider my present rigorous treatment from a barbarous husband, in the most horrid light. You seem to be a gentleman; if so, shew your nobleness of mind, and do not take that cruel advantage of me which is now given you; save, protect, and vindicate that, which is dearest to me; a fame unspotted, a chaste mind, and the honour of a yet undefiled bed!"

The

The merchant raised her from the ground, and rallied her on the folly of a refusal ; adding with great art, the danger which might insue from the malice of her husband by a disappointment. “ In pure desire,” continued he, “ of saving your precious life, I must insist on prosecuting your lord’s command.” At these words, *Euphema* fell at his feet again, and said, “ think, O think, generous *Englishman*, of the crime you are endeavouring to commit ; will the authority of a madman prove a sufficient expiation for you, or even me ? Will you turn journey-man to the Devil ?—Have you a mother, or a sister, Sir ?”—“ Both,” replied the merchant. “ What would you think of them,” resumed she, “ if the one should be false to your father’s bed, or the other, too easily relinquish her fame, honour, and virtue, by a commission of the crime you solicit me to be guilty of ?”

The merchant was startled at these queries : His sister was very young, and dear to him, and at that time her picture hung at his breast ; which, with the force of what *Euphema* had said, recalled her to his memory, and raised every tender sentiment in his bosom : Virtue, honour, and generosity, rose in his soul, and banished every base, unmanly thought. Taking *Euphema* by the hand, he begged pardon for his bold solicitation, and called heaven and earth,

earth, angels and men, to witness how much he admired her virtue ; how much he condemned himself for joining with her husband in so wicked a proceeding ; at the same time, vowing to protect her from his malice and revenge, should any violence be offered.

This unexpected generosity, brought tears of joy from *Euphema*, and what before was hatred, changed to reverence and love. The injury offered by her husband, banished every thought of duty and respect, and being warmed by gratitude, she told the merchant, that if ever fate should release her from the ungenerous and unnatural partner of her bed, she would willingly give him the preference of all men living. This kind return of generosity was very pleasing to the merchant, who replied, “ madam, I am so struck with your person, but more so with your high sense of virtue and honour, that if you and the fates decree me that happiness, it is not seven years expectation that can weary my patience ; not, but I hope the gods will hasten my felicity. I wish to perish to all eternity, if ever I give you one moments uneasiness. I am ashamed of what has happened, and can scarce believe what I have heard, because my guilt tells me I am underserving of such goodness.”

Euphema, confident that these expressions were real, said, “ your protestations of fidelity

lity are such, that I will not question their sincerity, or have the least doubt or scruple about them : But, if you wish me happy, it is necessary that you join with me in an innocent deception, in order to evade my husband's resentment, and secure my present happiness ; which, cannot be effected but by a pretended acquiescence to his commands. I have heard much of platonic love, let us now experience it. To-morrow he will demand of you, how far I complied with his injunctions : If you are that friend you have professed yourself, you will make him easy, that I may be so : It is a deceit the Gods will surely pardon, since it is in the defence of virtue. If ever the time comes you seem to wish, and I have no reason but to hope for it, depend on my fulfilling the promise I have made, provided your virtue and integrity lead you to conduct this affair with decency and honour."

The merchant was transported at this repeated assurance of her firm attachment and constancy, and after a most solemn promise to perform every thing she wished, he sealed his vows with a religious kiss. The apprehension of the *Clarissimo's* coming to be satisfied of the certainty of what might be called his own dishonour, made it necessary for them to enter the bed, in order to remove suspicion ; but *Euphema* insisted that a cimeter, which hung in
the

the room, should be placed between them; which was no bad emblem of the danger of violating oaths, at the same time, that it might be considered as a ceremony ratifying their contract. The merchant wished the edge of the weapon on the last thread of the *Clarissimo's* life, that it might prove his *Atropos*, and make a short cut to his desires.

In the morning, the *Clarissimo* entered the chamber, and saluted them both with great pleasure. The merchant said, "You need not now fear your brother's enjoying your estate and title, here is noble *Clarissimo*" (pointing to *Euphema*) "*Intus existens alienum prohibens.*" The husband was satisfied, and never in the least suspected the trick played him.

In a short time, he was seized with a dangerous illness, during which, his conscience reproached him, for his rash folly in violating his wife's chastity and virtue. Finding himself at the point of death, he tenderly called her to him, and begged her forgiveness, at the same time, requesting that she would conceal his crime from the world. *Euphema's* goodness of heart, would not suffer her to let him be longer deceived; she therefore discovered the whole affair, and gave peace to his troubled mind. His joy was unspeakable, and his gratitude sincere, and all he wished for, was, to have lived to
have

have shown it in the most extensive manner; however, finding death approach, he settled her in the full possession of his *unbounded* fortune, and with his last breath recommended to her, to fulfil her engagements with the generous merchant, and departed, leaving her convert to be her comforter; and when the days of public sorrow were over, they were married without the intervention of a cimeter.

C H A P. VIII.

That instant they heard a great noise in the apartment, and Don Quixote pronounced aloud, "Stay, villain, robber, caitiff." P. 114.
—114.

THE Don was disturbed in his sleep with the giant, who had employed his thoughts when awake. His fancy presented a wall-eyed giant to him, whether with a head, or without a head, is very much to be doubted; but this apparition worked such real effects with the Knight, that he forsook his bed, and sallying forth with sword in hand, gave battle to the defenceless walls.

Men of great achievements, are frequently disturbed in their sleep; their spirits as-

S cending

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cending upwards, too fast for the brain to
sustain them.

Alexander, after he had killed his trustiest friend, rose frequently in the night, supposing he called for revenge; and could by no means be brought to sleep again, till he had drowned his senses in Grecian wine.

Achillis was so troubled with the thought of his *undipped heel*, and the sudden approach of the *Trojan* battle, that he assayed many nights with both his heels together, which made him splay-footed for ever after.

Hector's unquiet spirit wandered on the Elysian shore, and showed his wounds to many trusty Trojans, but especially to *Æneas*, who was ready to fly without his warning of, *I, fuge nate Deâ, &c.* *

Brutus, Cassius, Mark Anthony (and *Cæsar*, before his assassination) being all active spi-

* The above instances, call to mind what *Lucretius* says,

—*Quoi quisque fere studio devinctus adhæret :*
Aut quibus in rebus multùm sumus antè morati :
Atque in qua ratione fuit contenta magis mens ;
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.

We commonly run over in our sleep, those very things on which the mind was studiously employed when we were awake,

rits,

fits, were troubled with the same disorder; nor was *Mars* himself exempted; for, though those deities are said to be *Insomnes*, yet, after a carouse of *Nepenthean* wine, they are in a trance, which is the same to them as our sleep. For, if they were always awake, how could *Vulcan* so often have taken *Mars* at a nap with *Venus*? nay, one of their Gods is *Morpheus*, a heavy headed *Numen*, who, though he sleeps not at night, goes to bed at cock-crowing, and there nuzzles till *Hesperus* cramps him by the toes.

Yet, for all that, the poor Knight did not awake, until the barber, fetching a kettle of cold water from the well, souped him all over.) P. 115.—115.

ἀγιστὸν μὲν ὕδωρ. *Water is good for any thing:* And wherever the barber met with this recipe for a dead sleep, it was on dry device, *Veritatem è puteo hauriunt tantam*, the truth of it is, it was a good *Probatum* for a lethargy, and being drawn from a deep well, was an efficacious remedy for a deep sleep. The *Moon* was always beholden to the *Pleiades* for waking *Endymion*.

Fell upon his knees before the priest, saying, "renowned princess, &c.) P. 116.—116.

A just contrary *error personæ* was committed at *Bellofite*, where an epilogue was to be addressed to the emperor; but the ignorant actor who was to deliver it, looked about for the greatest person amongst the auditors, which proved to be the hostess of an inn, who sat in great pomp; bowing to whom, he spoke these lines:

*With bended knees (great Cæsar) we
Address our Epilogue to thee,
Who hither in great state art come,
To see the hist'ry of Jack Drum.
To thee we render all obeisance,
For deigning us thy dreadful presence;
May'st thou grow greater still, and thrive,
Till thou'rt the greatest thing alive:
O may thy race so fruitful be,
To sociate all monarchy;
And may your next stupendious birth,
Be th' Leviathan o'th' Earth!*

The blunder of the actor drew the laugh on the hostess, upon which she left her seat, and pursuing him, gave him a *plaudit* on the ears for his reward.

At length the barber, curate, and Cardenio, with no small difficulty, put the Knight to bed again.) P. 117.—116.

Three to one was odds, therefore his stout heart was obliged to yield; not, that it was any disgrace to be overcome by multitudes, especially as they were either inchanters, or enchanted: The barber being transformed into an ox backward, as, *homo est arbor reversa*, and so was tonfor (*bos reversus*;) Cardenio, a goat newly transformed into a man again; and the curate the *inchanter*; so, that the Don was like *Circe's* captives, charmed into a sleep, deep as his high thoughts.

C H A P. IX.

At that instant, the landlord standing at the inn door, exclaimed, "There is a noble company: Odd! if they halt here, we shall sing for joy."
P. 124.—124.

SUCH as these were true saints days to our hosts, and here was two together: *Sancta Dorothea*, was an authentic saint; *Lucinda* was a virgin martyr; *Cardenio* a devout pilgrim; and *Don Fernando*, after his penance, joined with *Sancta Clara*, will make it a holy-day and a half. It was very proper for these saints to meet at the sign of the *St. George*, who slew the dragon which was to pray upon the virgin. The truth of this story hath been.

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doubted by some of our countrymen, as appears by the following epigram.

*They say there is no Dragon,
Nor no St. George, 'tis said :
St. George and Dragon lost,
Pray heav'n there be a maid !*

Which was smartly answered by the following :

*St. George, indeed, is dead,
And the fierce Dragon slain ;
The maid liv'd so, and dy'd ;
She'll ne'er do so again.*

C H A P. X.

*I told thee, that every incident which happened
was conducted and brought about by enchantment.)*

P. 137.—137.

SIR, said *Sancho*, was my adventure of the blanket an enchantment? No, no, your worship has been in a dream all this time; not but I think the host an inchanter; his wife, daughter, and maid, devils incarnate: Therefore, Sir, please to search your pockets, and see if you can find money enough to discharge our reckoning, for there is a long score at the letter Q, which stands, I am afraid, for your worship's whole name; there-

therefore, if you cannot wipe it off with a wet finger, shew yourself a man with your hands for this once, and deliver us from the chalky-way.

Sancho, replied *Don Quixote*, I will not leave thee, till I have carried thee to the *milky-way*, where I will place thee and thy as as constellations. O, Sir, says *Sancho*, the *milky-way* is the road home again to the dairy at the *Mancha*.

C H A P. XI.

The Knight proceeded thus: " Since we began with the student, representing his poverty in all its circumstances, let us see if the soldier be more wealthy, &c.") P. 149.—148.

*O mighty Jove! what have I liv'd to see!
A paltry Graduate compar'd to me?*

THE Don, with great warmth in this oration, laboured to prove the superiority of the man of valour, over the man of wisdom. It therefore becomes me, as a commentator, to enlarge the subject, and set the matter in a clear light.

Pallas was the equal goddess of wisdom, and of arms. The purple of the field, as well as the schools, the green laurel of the bar, and the

the gilded laurel of the standard, are her donatives and rewards: And, though she appears as often armed, as in her candied robes, yet the men of learning engross her to themselves, and will not allow the men of the sword the least interest in her. Being the offspring of *Jupiter's* brain, *Sine Matre Filia*, they, with some reason, may lay the greater claim to her, because their labour is *opus Cerebri*, the work of the brain. They allow us, indeed, some interest in *Jove*, through *Bacchus*, who, being the God of wine, is also the God of quarrels; from whence the soldier's profession had its rise. But they lay claim to the nine *Muses* and *Apollo*, though when he is an archer, they refuse his being president of the company. O generation of fictitious minters! Is not *Apollo* a deity-errant, who runs over the world every twenty-four hours? Did he not slay the great dragon *Python*? And like a valiant Knight-errant, did he not make choice of the celebrated *Daphne* for his *Dulcinea*, but lost her by her enchantment into a *bay-tree*? Yet, though he could not win her, he wears her about his brows, as a sign of his true affection.

Thus have the sons of wisdom cheated the world with the antiquity of their original! and think to overcome the brethren of the sword

sword by numbers, laying claim to poets, painters, musicians, historians, divines, lawyers, physicians, merchants, artificers, &c. &c. &c. so that they have hardly left one man to follow the profession of a soldier, except butchers: These not being exempted, will answer the purpose, for though they are not allowed to be *de jure Pacis*, they are *de Jure Belli*. The sons of wisdom also pretend, that the labour of their studies, exceed those of the soldier, as much as mental and spiritual labours transcend those that are corporeal. Tutors and school-masters do labour, it must be confessed, but not so much as the scholars under them, whose labour is generally corporeal.

Huc ades, hæc animo concipe dicta tuo.

A very fair invitation to a poor commons, which ends most probably in *lachrymæ*; or a

Parce precor, post hæc æternùm versificabor.

Is that *animo concipere*? Able school-masters, are very useful and necessary instruments in a common-wealth; for without the seeds of knowledge, and principles of learning, no man can serve either his prince, his country, or himself. Therefore, those men who train up youth under good discipline, in the vari-
ous

ous branches of education, are worthy of esteem, honour, and reward. It is to be wished, that parents, guardians, and others, whom it concerns, would consider men of this profession with an eye of favour, and give them the preference over dancing masters, &c. &c. for it is a melancholy truth, that the latter generally have the ascendancy, and are better paid for teaching an idle amusement, than those who educate our children in the most important affairs of life, and fit them for the world. A school-master, after he has brought up a hundred scholars, shall have nothing but his punctual *minerval*, and is left to his *mill*, to wear out his life like a horse, with continual exercise, forgotten both by parents and scholars; unless he be a *Seneca*, or an *Aristotle*, whose scholars, *Alexander* and *Nero*, were able men, and good soldiers; though the latter wished a *Nesciisset Literas*, the knowledge of arms being more suitable to a prince than books. And though *Alexander* loved and admired *Aristotle*, he followed the camp, and left him to his *parva naturalia*. *Cæsar* also was a great soldier, and a great scholar; and wrote with the same spirit and genius which he fought. There is one thing that does great discredit to learning, and that is, that its professors, like soothsayers, are either quarrelling with one another,

another, or laughing at one another. For which reason, probably, the *grand Signior* and *soldier* of the world allows of no learning. And *Plato* banished poets out of his common wealth; yet, how many have we in these days, running up and down the world, who have every thing in their heads but bread. It is better to know nothing than to know want: But they will answer to this, with some Stoical sentence, such as, it is better to know how to want, than to want knowledge.

So much for learning: We will dispute no more, but take up arms.

Of ARMS.

The *tree of knowledge*, was the most glorious stock of *Paradise*: But our first parents were forbid tasting the fruit of that tree: The bold attempting of which, contrary to the prohibition, dispossessed the aspirers of that beautiful garden, and introduced the use of arms to the world: A flaming sword being sent for an eternal bar upon the pass, that they should not re-enter.

While there were but few persons in the world, military arts and wars were neither known nor necessary; but, as the generations of men multiplied, societies, governments,
and

and kingdoms, were established, and laws instituted for the security of *meum* and *tuum*: The vindex of which laws, if they were infringed or opposed, was the public magistrate. The multitude, in the infancy of the world, being rude and uncivilized, offended sometimes with such violence, that the delegated power could not restrain them. In order to remedy these inconveniencies, and prevent future insurrections, a military power was raised, to defend the magistrate against contempt and violence, and to be a protection, not only in cases of civil commotions, but of foreign invasions.

At home the soldier's life is easy; but when he is commanded forth to revenge the injuries of his king and country, he has worthy notice: What long marches, tedious sieges, short allowance, dangerous duties, and gallant ends? A little more troublesome than rattling chains in a library, and tumbling over musty authors from morning till night; not a line hurts there, but, in a soldier's line, hundreds of brave fellows perchance, may have their *ultima linea rerum*. This is the soldier's *rubrick*; the letter which immortalizes, or rather canonizes him. Vengeance take all guns, bullets, powder, and the authors of them! Printing and they were about of an age, and the d—l knows which
is

is the worst. They were invented for dispatch, and so they do to some purpose: The one raises the quarrel, and the other defends it, while both sides rue it.

There is no end of speaking in praise of the ancient and honourable profession of a foldier, which, throughout the world, is formidable! Whatever country we travel into, we find monuments erected in memory of glorious battles and heroes. And here, the scholars are beholding to the men of arms; for, what hath employed them so much, as the histories of princes, nations, and wars? when every other subject was exhausted. The foldier fights, and the historian receives the benefit of it. From this learned dissertation, it is evident, that the foldier justly claims pre-eminence over the scholar, and exceeds him in as great a degree, as a sword does a pen-knife, or a campania a brown study.

C H A P. XII, XIII, and XIV.

THESE three chapters, in the history, contain the story of the captive; on which *Mr. Gayton* made no remarks, but relates the story in verse, in the same manner as those of *Cardenio* and *Dorothea*, which is omitted here, for reasons given before.

C H A P. XV.

It was now night, when a coach arrived at the inn, attended by some men on horseback, who demanded lodging: And the landlady made answer, that there was not in the whole house an handful of room unengaged. "Be that as it will, said one of the horsemen, who had entered the gate, there must be some found for my lord judge.") P. 204.—203.

THE hostess was alarmed at the name of judge, and consented to quit her own apartment to accomodate his honour; especially, as he appeared in his robes. These habits and formalities, terrify the ignorant, and extort obedience and submission; but take away these embellishments from any order of men, and they appear as contemptible and naked as the *jack-daw* in the fable, stripped of his borrowed feathers.—*Ex humeris Auleæ Togæ.*

It was good policy of the Roman Senators, who, being vanquished by the *Galli Senones*, fled to the capitol, and there sat in their *Patrician* robes, full of gravity and majesty; which produced more awe from the barbarous soldiers, than their ensigns or their engines, insomuch, that they took them for gods, until

until their officers made them plunder them as men. What regard would be paid to a *Prator* without his trappings horse, gold chain, and cap of maintenance? For this reason the philosophers of old nourished their beards, as our modern divines and philosophers do their wigs; not that they are the wiser for the bush, but that it commands reverence, and gains esteem. Had my lord judge entered the inn as a common man, the hostess would not have given up her own bed; but being dressed in his robes, she idolized him, and imagined there was danger in refusing him a lodging.

Then the curate briefly recapitulated the story of Zorayda, to which the judge listened with more attention than ever he had yielded on the bench. } P. 208.—207.

What, not at an assize sermon? from which, not only the Spanish, but most other judges, generally take their charge, and are as much beholden to the preacher's advice from the pulpit, as he was before to *Fonssecas* *Posills*; but here the curate shewed his art, and so succinctly analyzed and epitomized the long story of the captive, that if his repetitions were with half the pains summed up *ad populum*, his auditors would have been less liable to sleep over them. It is a good cha-

rafter of a judge to be attentive, and to hear *ambabus auribus*, without interrupting the witnesses, or suffering the council to do it: And in his instructions to the jury, to explain the law, and not as is frequently done, be partial, and influence them to one side more than the other, by which means, false verdicts are sometimes given; for which, the jury ought to incur the penalty of fasting after they have delivered their opinions, rather than before it.

The curate, seeing every thing succeed to his own expectation, and the captain's desire, was unwilling to protract the judge's anguish, and the impatience of the whole company; so rising from the table, and going into the other apartment, he led out Zorayda, &c.) P. 210.—208.

Had this been in England, it might have proved a wedding; but the Spanish curates will not easily part with so beneficial a sacrament as matrimony to lay hucksters*.

* This passage is not easily understood, unless Mr. Gayton meant, that the clergy of England are less tenacious of their rights than those of Spain; if so, I believe it will be found he was mistaken; the clergy of England are as solicitous for pecuniary advantages, as any of their brethren in other nations. *Priests of all religions are the same.*

Marriage

Marriage and flesh (being quadragesimal prohibitions, and forbidden in time of Lent) *cum dispensatione, & licentiâ*, were very grateful accessaries to a slender vicarage. Double fees, eggs and alicant, with many a jovial entertainment, are more considerable than petty tithes, and make the curate blither than at an arch-deacon's visitation, where, besides the danger of information, he must pay for his dinner.

If the curate's learned contrivance succeeded, he might soon expect a change of his small living, for *uberius beneficium*, and admire himself in his long robes, broad hat, and divinity belt, the advanced creature of the times; nothing being a surer step to preferment, than the joining great persons together in matrimony, except the parting them again, by rendering it null and void.

Don Quixote undertook to guard the castle from the assaults of any giant, or wicked adventurer that might possibly covet the vast treasure of beauty which it contained.) P. 211.—210.

Watching was very proper physic for a madman, being the only means to tame frenzy, had it been confined to a close room; but this humour of parading round the inn-yard, made him wilder than before, because he was subject to the cold influences of the

moon, which was the predominant planet in his *pericranium*. Could he not remember what befel him on the first entrance of his adventures, when this *vertigo* of *noctivagation* and watching his arms seized him? How dismal was that night's guardianship, in which he wanted discretion more than sleep, when the carriers left him almost *stone* dead? Yet the hardy Knight would re-act this solitary encounter, with nothing over him, but the spangled canopy of heaven, and poor *Rozinante* under him, whose pains and tantalizations in this night's round, were more irksome to the beast than all his other misfortunes.

C H A P. XVI.

Dear madam, said she, that finger is the son of an Arragonian gentleman, who is lord of two towns, and when at court, lives opposite to my father's house; and although our windows are covered with canvass in winter, and lattices in summer, I know not how this young gentleman, &c. &c.) P. 215.—213.

It is difficult to find out what are the first causes, or originals of love: That which first makes the impression in the heart or fancy: Whether it be the eye, wit, or voice,
that

that is the first mover? For, some love by the ear, and affect by story——

Visamque Cupit, potiturque Cupitâ.

Some (deceived in their augury) complain, like the maiden in the song, of the nose; others of the eyes; *nescio quis teneros oculus*, &c. for we frequently hear it said, “*I would I had never seen his face. O that tongue, that beguiling, deluding tongue.*” In short, as matter is inclined to receive forms, wax impression, the air the light, so, naturally doth the feminine appetite require the male: But how the *solus hic inflexit sensus*. How one person more than any other, amongst choice and variety, should only wound and subdue affections, is still the puzzling query? Some tell us the grand secret is governed by the stars; others, that it is the sympathizing of the amatory atoms in two distinct persons, which causes a conjunction; but the truth is, *hæremus sicut ille ad refluxum maris*. The true cause of the ebbs and floods of our affections are not known to us, and therefore we find out false causes, and attribute to them what is not theirs, and here lies all the mischief.

So far had the Knight proceeded in this piteous exclamation, when the inn-keeper's daughter whif-

whispered softly, "Sir Knight, will your worship be pleased to come this way? Hearing this invitation, he lifted up his eyes, and by the light of the moon, which was then in full splendor, perceived them beckon to him from the straw hole.) &c.) P. 219.—217.

Our Don was now at the *hole in the wall*, but it was one of the most unfortunate adventures that ever he undertook upon such presumptuous hopes; and his miscarriage the more disgraceful and scandalous, as the trick was played him by two such infamous hussies as *Maritornes* and her young mistress. *Dux fœmina facti*. The knight supposed them to be the ladies of the castle, and was enchanted with his own fancies, which brought him into such a noose as never Knight-errant was in before; for he hung out against the wall, not in *effigy* (which would have been disgrace enough) but in *persona*, corporally exposed to the view of every one.

And scarce had he moved one step, when both his master's feet slipping from the saddle, he would have tumbled to the ground, had he not hung by his arm, which endured such torture in the shock, that he verily believed it was cut off by the wrist, or torn away by the shoulder.) P. 224.—222.

Roxinante's turning about to salute the strange horse, broke the enchantment, though it did not release *Quixote* by breaking the rope: His dream of remaining manacled to the window, vanished into a hideous swing to torture and misery, equal to that of *Perillus* in the brazen bull which he gave to *Phalaris*. His outcries were all he had to trust to, though if his lungs had failed him, the rope was not likely to do so. His noise waked the dogs, and next the maids, who, sensible of their cruelty, began to relent, and therefore let the rope loose, so that he was once more a knight of this world; into which he was no sooner dropped, but fresh adventures buried the remembrance of the old ones, and having remounted *Roxinante*, he defied all dangers; which were as sure to seize him, as he was to provoke them, as will be seen in the next chapter.

C H A P. XVII.

"If any person whatever, sayeth, that I have justly suffered enchantment, I here, with the permission of my lady princess of Micomicona, give him the lie, challenge, and defy him to single combat.") P. 225.—223.

THIS was a bold provocation to four men: And it was *four* to *one*, but he had paid for his audacity. But, they were in pursuit of another Knight-errant, which made them regardless of our Don's extravagance. It is some mens security, that whatever they say is not accounted slander. Fools, madmen, and male-contented, are privileged talkers, and are either pitied or laughed at. At this time, *Quixote* was under one of these circumstances, and therefore gave the lie boldly, which in Spain is the word of death. This was a great encounter, and therefore it is worthy notice, that of all his adventures he came safest off in this, not meeting with the least reply, or so much as having his words beat down his throat again.

Don Quixote seeing that none of the travellers took the least notice of him, or made any answer to his defiance, was transported with rage and vexation.) P. 226,—224.

Ŷ triumphed in this bloodless victory, which was concluded without an *Epitbalamium*, or song of joy. On the contrary, his bon-fires were within, and his bells rung backwards. The Don was inflamed that he could show no spoils nor luggage for *Sancho*; not a wallet, nor so much as a pannel being to be seen, whereby, the monumental ensigns of so great a daring (for it could not well be called a defeat) should be published to the world. He was in high debate with himself, what to do with an enemy, who would not give battle, or take the least notice of being called to arms. What could he say to a silent foe? Language was unfit for mutes, and so was action to men of no spirit. Never was heroes so calm; so that the business of this challenge was intirely performed in dumb shew.

To this request the Knight replied, with great leisure and infinite phlegm, " Beautiful young lady, I cannot, at present, grant your petition, being restricted from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I shall have accomplished one, in which my honour is already engaged) P. 230.
—228.

All that was required of him, was to stop two travellers, who, observing the hurry the house was in, were preparing to leave the
inn

inn without paying their reckoning. Was it not strange, that this adventure-seeker should refuse adventures, especially as he was incited to it by a lady, in defence of her father, the constable of the castle? oppressed by two, and in a just cause, the maintenance of his castle. *O Jupiter Hospitalis!* was the Don's apology less that pusillanimity? Was not our *Hercules*, who just now assaulted *four*, able *contra duos*? What could be the cause? Does valour ebb and flow in valiant breasts? Are they most daring at the ebullition of the blood, or at the circular refluxion? He was engaged, not in *actual* combat, but potential. His *word* was his *blow*, and therefore no enemy was to be admitted, till the giant of *Micomicon* was encountered.

When Maritornes and her mistress asked what hindered him from giving assistance to their master and husband, "I am hindered, answered the Knight, by a law, which will not permit me to use my sword against Plebeians; but, call hither my Squire Sancho, for to him it belongs, and is peculiar to engage in such vengeance and defence.)
P. 231.—228.

As the princess had granted him her permission, he was once more *licentiatus ad preliandum et vapulandum per totam hispaniam*, therefore, what was the reason he did not engage
in

in this adventure? Nothing more, than because they were not Knights, and for this reason he intailed the business on his Squire, *pares cum paribus*. O *Quixote*! how might'st thou, by this *effugium*, have avoided all your misfortunes? The carriers, nor the goat-herds, were no Knights, nor were the wind-mill, and fulling-mill dubbed, and yet you condescended to engage them; and, therefore, why so scrupulous on this occasion? To what purpose did you ask for a licence to fight, unless you intended to make use of it? Though the author has not discovered the reason of this *microspœchy*, it is easily understood; for the quarrel between the host and the travellers, was concerning the non-payment of the reckoning, therefore the Don's conscience would not let him interfere in the matter, as it would have been a breach of practise to have taken the host's part; so he prudently stood neuter, and shifted it off to his friend *Sancho*.

This individual shaver, as he led his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho employed in mending something that belonged to the pannel, and knowing him at first sight, assaulted the Squire in a trice, crying "Ha! Don thief, I have caught you at last. Restore my bason and pannel, with all the furniture you stole from me." P. 233.—230.

It was hard for a man of *Sancho's* consequence and expectations to bear such opprobrious language. However, though he was not able to confute him with words, he resolved to overcome him with blows, and therefore showed his valour, and made him wash his mouth in blood for his foul aspersions. *Sancho* hoped to have traversed an indictment, with an action of battery; but, the barber being blooded in the mouth, was freed from the *sluggers*, and stood stoutly to the claim of his pannel, making a bloody hue and cry after him; so that *Sancho* was forced to appeal to the Don, who, finding his Squire had behaved valiantly, was more willing to make him a Knight, than an honest man.

Besides, the very same day on which they took my pannel, they also robbed me of a new brass bason never hanfelled, that cost me a good crown. Don Quixote hearing this, could contain himself no longer.) P. 234.—231.

Like master, like man. The barber charged both with a robbery, and now the court sat; what could be said in their defence? The case was clear to the jury. Here was *evidentia facti*, the very pannel and bason. *coram juaice*. The barber (*pro rege*) swore they were his, and therefore the two culprits pleaded

pleaded not guilty, and made the best defence they could, which amounted to a condemnation.

C H A P. XVIII.

I say, under correction, and still with submission to better judgement, that the object now in dispute, which that worthy gentleman holds in his hand, is not only no barber's basin, but also, as far from being one as black is from white, or falsehood from truth.) P. 236.—233.

HOW easily doth a brother rook a brother; I mean the crafty brother the weaker? It is easy to persuade a credulous person, if he has an opinion of his brother's fidelity, out of his reason, and every thing that is right; and create a belief in him, that black is white, and white black: All his understanding being resigned to *his* opinion and conceit of *his* confident, he sees with *his* eyes, hears with *his* ears, and speaks with *his* tongue; and what arguments cannot do, this captivated affection yields to, without ever suspecting the least fraud or deceit. *Aruspex aruspicem, dum videt ridet*, is true of these kind of men, who make sport of their own rogeries, and the folly of others. In the present case, the barber of the village was a younger brother, a

U 2

gull,

gull, drawn which way his senior of the profession led him.

Fratrum quoque gratia rara est.

Every body laughed to see Don Fernando going about with great gravity, collecting opinions in whispers, that each might privately declare, &c.)
P. 238.—235.

The votes were not *vivâ voce*, but in *aurum*: So, that the collector not being sworn, it is probable the matter went just as his lordship pleased. In most popular assemblies, the business is generally carried on, like this of the pannel and the bason, where the most potent and interested persons whisper their own votes to others, that matters may be carried according to their own wishes and interests: So that, the proposition is not *placet*—Doth it seem good so?—but *placebit*—it shall be so.

*Get but a bawling council * for your man,
Your cause shall prosper, do whate'er you can.*

May I never taste the joys of heaven! cried the transported barber, if you are not all deceived.)
P. 238.—235.

* We have daily instances of the truth of this, in our courts of judicature.

This protestation was not received, though he desired the forfeiture of heaven upon the failure of it. But, certainly, he would not have made such an imprecation, if he believed there were any other *poles* than those his basons hung on; or, that, the teeth in his shop should ever return again to the heads from whence he drew them. His protestation is plain in *Foro soli*, that he was cheated of his bason, which never returned to his *Forum Peli*: Wherefore, he gave a *vale* to the law, as if the law had been in fault; but he should have been angry with the suffragants, or, at least, have hired them a dog and a bell, to lead them home, as their eyes were so bad they could not distinguish a bason from a helmet, or a pannel from a saddle.

Nothing now remains, but that every one should take his own again; and may St. Peter bless what God bestows.) P. 238.—236.

The Don only meant, that every one should take those things which his friends had voted him, and so *omnia bene*: He was satisfied they were his own, though he knew he stole them. How pious, and above all, how careful he was, against any review of the verdict, desiring *Peter's* blessing, though he knew he had robbed *Paul*? So cunningly, or rather prophanely, he attributed all his

successes to heaven, though he went to the devil for the purchase. On the other side, the male-content barber went away dissatisfied, crying out, " Might overcomes right." cursing the bribery and partiality of his friends at court: Both, indeed, calling upon *Peter*, the one for vengeance, the other for a benediction.

In the midst of this labyrinth, chaos, and composition of mischief, Don Quixote's imagination suggested, that he was all of a sudden involved in the confusion of Agramonte's camp.)
P. 240.—237.

Facibus extinguis faces.

He holds the sun to the candle, cries fire, fire, and fetches all the company, as with the sound of a trumpet about him. Some new and heard of lie, presently silenceth a known truth, as a romance a true story: So, likewise, the news of a giant, the talk of taxes, the report of foreign wars, settles all our domestic differences, or at least diverts us from thinking of them. The trick of amusing is none of the worst in the pack. *Quixote's* policy was not to be slighted, who, to avoid the present confusion of himself and his friends, proclaims the approach of a greater evil; which, while every one desires
to

to hear, alarmed at the imaginary danger, the private constellation falls, and every one is provided against the affairs of the public.

But the enemy of concord and rival of peace, being thus foiled and disappointed.) P. 242.—239.

Here the Don was terribly put to it, if the devil was his enemy, as we are told. And though his ill-favoured face was not easily intincted with a blush, whereby the officer might have discovered his guilt, yet the description in the warrant agreeing with his lines and features, brought him within the compass of an English proverb. This embarrassment of the warrant, was the worst enchantment he ever met with: For the king and the holy brotherhood are too powerful for a Knight-errant.

Don Quixote smiled at hearing these epithets, and with much composure replied; "Come hither, ye vile and base-born race! do you call it the province of an highwayman, to loose the chains of the captive, and set the prisoner free; to succour the miserable, raise the fallen, and relieve the distressed?") P. 243.—241.

It was high time for him to rave like a madman, in order to escape punishment. It was good policy to run mad, to be a Bedlamite,

mite, rather than a banditti; and above and below the laws, in order to evade coming under the lash. He declared their writ to be false; it was *error personæ*, not directed to attack a Knight-errant; or had it been so, it was *error Legis*, or *Judicis*, who knew not that *generalia non includunt privilegiatos*. Warrants for vagrants are not extendable to Knight-errants, who ever demand an *exeat Regno*; and have and hold by *de forreſta Charta* of their own; do as they list, live as they list, pay what they list, say what they list, and are the only men of the list. By these and other demonstrations, the officer was satisfied of his frenzy, which was a *superſedas* to the writ, and a discharge for his fees.

C H A P. XIX.

The curate pacified the landlord, and Don Fernando paid the bill.) P. 246.—243.

ALL is paid! were glorious words to poor Sancho; not but this proved a jubilee day to his master, as well as himself; and was a very great adventure to both of them. Talk what they would of giants and castles, the reckoning was a thing equally dangerous, especially as *Rozinante* and *Dapple* were obliged to be perpetual bail for their masters, which, no doubt,

doubt, brought on many foot adventures to *Sancho*, ere he could cure the swelling of the beasts heads: But now, *salva res est*. The golden age is returned; *Don Fernando* rained gold and silver together, and in spight of the poet,

Hospes ab Hospite Tutus.

They now defied the landlord, and his assistants the brotherhood; and what they drank in fear, is digested in joy.

Unde Babeat quærat nemo, sed oportet habere.

The poor must eat, and pray for their benefactors: But at this time, the best company was best cheap, and fortune threw the Knight and his Squire into the society of lords and ladies, and not among carriers, who generally gave them sour sauce to their sweet-meats.

“*The giant may get notice that I am coming to destroy him; and taking the opportunity of our delay, fortify himself in some impregnable castle, against which all my diligence, and the strength of my indefatigable arm, will not avail, &c.*”) P. 247.—244.

The affairs of this castle being discharged, the Don was eager for another adventure:
He

He was too famous and well known, to hope for much success in this part of the world, and therefore was for moving his quarters instantly to *Micomicon*, which being an *Egyptian* country, he and his Squire might plunder *Ad infinitum*. *Diligence is the mother of success*, was his motto, and a very necessary one, for a man of his profession; which proverb was closely followed by him and his Squire in all their actions. Quick and nimble motions, always proved beneficial to them: The bason pannel, and portmanteau, were all the fruits of their activity, gained by surprisal, and kept by retreats and retirings into the inaccessible parts of *morena*. In just fights, he never lost more than in fallies; but the loss of his ear, and cheek-tooth, being monuments of his ill success in set battles; he wisely persuaded the queen to let him attack the giant in his quarters, before he should be prepared to make a proper resistance.

Dorothea's face was overspread with a blush, at these words of Sancho; for sooth to say, her husband Don Fernando had several times, as he thought, unperceived, made free with her lips, as earnest of that reward his affection deserved.)
P. 249.—246.

What an infidel was *Sancho*! Who, though a sworn servant to the queen, betrayed her,
and

and revealed her secrets; and all because she suffered the young lord to salute her, and him her husband too. He was a rude rogue, and very unfit to be admitted among persons of high rank, not being able to keep a close tongue in his head: Had it been worse, he would have out with it. The innocent lady blushed because she was discovered playing the part of an affectionate wife, though justifiable and praise worthy; it being thought a bad custom, by those, who pretend to be refined; though I beleive it will be found that such delicate mortals have no refinement: And if a man behaves tenderly to his wife in public, or shews any marks of affection, he is stiled an insipid mortal, a dupe, an amorous, uxorious fellow. Thus, from a false idea of delicacy, we deceive ourselves, and cease to have any delicacy at all.

And indeed I firmly believe, that every thing in this castle, as you Sir Knight have observed, being conducted by means of enchantment.) P. 250.—247.

Argumentum ad hominem.

When *Maritornes* and his errant-ship were embracing, till the disappointed carrier parted them, they were doubtless enchanted. So *Sancho*, likewise, was doubtless under the influence

influence of a charm when the aforesaid *Moritornes* crept to his bed, hoping to have raised a *Novum organum* from the conjunction. Nothing is more frequent, than these sort of enchantments, which being sometimes taken for real matters, make strange disturbances. Spies, often see too little, and sometimes too much: It is better, therefore, for them to be uncertain as to what they see, unless they can prove what they see. *Sancho's* late discovery was of that nature, that it would have been better for him not to have seen it, as he was obliged to renounce every thing he saw and said, and acknowledge himself only *compos mentis* in the adventure of the blanket.

Having brought the cage into his apartment, they enclosed him in it.) P. 253.—249.

This was the last enchantment of the castle, and though it was a wooden one, it answered their purpose as well as the *Trojan* horse. By means of this, they entered the *Mancha*, and brought home the long-looked-for lord of the place, to his ancient seat. This conveyance could not be accounted dishonourable, it being the legal house of entertainment for all Knight-errants; who, being vagrants, are provided with such receptacles for a night or two, at the public charge.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

Don Quixote seeing himself thus engaged, and placed upon a cart, could not help saying, "many very grave histories have I read, concerning Knight-errants, but never did I read, see, or hear, that enchanted Knights were transported in this manner.) P. 255.—252.

BUT that fortune designed to make our meritorious Knight as famous for his sufferings as for his renowned actions, this wooden entertainment would have been dishonourable. His happy disposition reconciled the matter, when he reflected that the times were turned topsy-turvy; that all gallantry, except what remained in his breast, was extinct and vanished: That wise men, magicians, and such as cherished great undertakings, being all gone and forgotten; courts, palaces, seats, and stages (where actions of this nature were celebrated) were demolished, and turned into humble tenements; and things in general, reduced to such a low condition, that the *Laplanders* let winds upon credit, fortune-tellers expounded for a morsel of bread, almanack-makers obliged to live upon their own predictions, and witches confined in their night rambles

to egg-shells; hell affording nothing but an *Ignis Fatuus*: These levelling times not having left so much as a flying-horse, dragon, or fiery chariot.

Upon which he said to them, "Weep not, worthy ladies; all these disasters are incident to those who choose my profession." P. 257—254.

This was an unnecessary prohibition, for they only pretended to weep; not but they shed many tears of laughter: And, to say the truth, two of these mourners, when the Don roared and made an out-cry, were at laugh and lye down, and consequently sported with his miseries. *Ploratur lachrymis amissa pecunia veris.* Had the Knight made an escape, and avoided the score, they then might have howled like an Irish wolf; but secure of the reckoning, the departure of such a guest, rather raised tears of joy than sorrow.

Truly, brother, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry, than with the summaries of Villalpando.) P. 261.—257.

This canon of Toledo, was a true Toledo blade, and rather a canon of the field than the church: And, doubtless, was preferred for writing or reading *romances*, instead of
postils

postils. He was not a meer pedantic scholar, or ever so bookish as to break his rest, or disturb his brains with intense study. Books of entertainment, pleased him better than school divinity; and having attained his desires by this means, he paid little regard to *Villalpando*. He leaped over *logic*, and as to metaphysics he never touched them; however, fortune made him a preacher; though he was no scholar, not but he perfectly understood those books he was conversant with, and was a great proficient, having proceeded from *Garagantua* to *Guzman*, and here, to crown all, ended with *Quixote*.

Mr. Barber, you had better think before you speak: There is something else to do than shaving of beards.) P. 263.—260.

Sancho began to be undeceived, and suspect the imposture of the pretended enchantment: Nothing is more violent than abused simplicity, when once it discovers the cheat. The Squire saw through all their roguery, notwithstanding their masks. Time plucks off all disguises, and renders things in their own likeness. He was also very pressing with the curate, who had a principle hand in this business, and by whose authority the whole design was brought about; but he leaves it to his conscience, which he hopes will perplex

him one day or other, as much as his delusions had confounded him and his master; and as for the confederate barber, who was the forger of the enchantment, he wished the next generation might be eunucks, that there might not be a beard for him to shave, as long as the world stood: And so unkindly did he take these affronts, that in spite of the curate's clerical authority, he was resolved to spray his sows at his return, that he never more might have his title in kind.

Truly, Mr. Curate, I am firmly persuaded that these books of chivalry are very prejudicial in the commonwealth.) P. 264.—260.

The canon, in this discourse, seemed to weaken the credit of these kind of writings, and preferred those which blend instruction with entertainment. But, what prejudice could they do a commonwealth, when the subjects were known to be fabulous? No man is misled, nor any persuaded to believe them as truth: Therefore, they may be considered as a benefit, for when the minds of the vulgar are not employed in some such amusements, they fall upon matters they do not understand, and that less concern them, and by this means become troublesome members to church and state; for this reason, it has been accounted good policy to divert
such

such, by licensing theatres and other places of recreation, in order to prevent their interfering in things above their capacity, and not of common ventilation. For want of these chimeras, strong delusions have succeeded, and possessed not a few, who, transported with their own imaginations, do not write romances, but act them, and fill the world with real tragedies.

CHAP. XXI.

And if the authors who compose, and the actors who represent them, affirm, that this, and no other method is to be practised, because the multitude must be pleased, &c.) P. 269.—265.

IT was an old saying before the time of Cervantes,

Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

Nay, in the amphitheatrical gladiatures, the lives of the captives, lay at the mercy of the vulgar.

— *et verso pollice vulgi,
Quemlibet occidunt populariter.*

And although the only laureat of our stage (having composed an excellent play, but

not of equal applause) fell on his knees, and gave thanks, that he had transcended the capacity of the vulgar; yet, his protestation against their ignorance, was not sufficient to vindicate the misapplication of the argument, for the judicious part of the auditory condemned it equally, with those who did not understand it: Not that the comedy wanted its *prodesse, et delectare*, had it been exhibited to a scholastic confluence. But we do not go to study at a play-house, but to see what easily insinuates itself into our capacities. *Lingua*, that learned comedy of the contention betwixt the five senses for the superiority, is not to be prostituted to the vulgar, being only fit for an academy.

Comedy, according to Tully, ought to be the mirror of life, the exemplar of manners, and picture of truth; whereas those that are represented in this age, are mirrors of absurdity, exemplars of folly, and pictures of lewdness.)* P. 270.—266.

The Spanish stage, as well as the *French* and *English*, was greatly corrupted; partly through

* Congreve, Vanburgh, and some other of our English dramatic poets, are liable to part of the curate's censure in the text: Nor is Shakespeare wholly

through the effeminacy of the times, but chiefly by unskilful authors: The *Spanish* scene, is principally fictions upon heretics, and as they rendered them horrid, odious, and inhuman to the people, so they were never introduced without a hell, furies, and strange torments provided for them. But it once happened, at a representation of one of these plays, before some strangers not Catholics, that the judicatory of cardinals, friars, and Jesuits, who were to condemn the heretics, being very burdensome, broke the judgment seat, and all fell into hell before they had arraigned the

wholly free. A great author will not consult so much what will please, as what ought to please. But one great bar to the success of dramatic poetry, has arisen from our theatres being generally managed by ignorant, unskilful persons, who have been more pleased with extravagant absurdities, than real excellencies.

The English stage, however, since the time of our author, has been greatly improved, in every essential excellence: And to the honour of the present times, is purged of its immortality. For many of these improvements, even envy must acknowledge, we are beholding to the judgement and good conduct of Mr. *David Garrick*: Nor is it easy to determine, whether we owe most to him as an actor, or a manager.

schif-

schismatics; which caused such a laughter among those of a contrary opinion, that their mirth had almost condemned them to the inquisition. The *French*, till lately, were so loose and obscene, that *Arétine's* pictures might have been represented without giving offence. Nor are the incongruities and absurdities of our own stage less excusable; being used to historical arguments, which could not be dispatched but by a chorus, or the descending of some god, or magician: Every act being supported by some long narrative, which made apology for every thing that was improper or unnatural.

Now, all those inconveniencies, with many more that I do not choose to mention, might be prevented, if there was at court some person of taste and learning, appointed to examine every dramatic performance before its appearance on the stage.) P. 273.—269.

An *Inigo Jones* for scenes; a *Shakespeare* and a *Johnson* for plays, produced great improvements on the stage. The pieces these great poets wrote, had language, dependency of parts, possibility of plot, &c. and were not to be equalled: Nor were they ashamed to permit their being printed, since which they are read with as much satisfaction, as they gave in the representation.

C H A P. XXII.

"Is it possible, good Sir, that the idle and untucky reading of books of chivalry can have so far impaired your judgment, as that you should now believe yourself enchanted, and give credit to other illusions of the same kind, which are as far from being true, as truth is distant from falsehood?)"
P. 280.—277.

IT was not the fate of *Don Quixote* alone, to pin his belief on the credit and authority of other men: And he might have asked the canon, upon what grounds or proofs he justified the numerous legends of saints in his church, and the wonders done by them? or how he was certain they ever existed? There not being any authentic account of the witnesses to the strange things they performed.* He flew to an implicit faith in the church, and would not suffer his auditors and converts to question the truth of what he believed, or pretended to believe. The Don desired fair play, that the authors of his books might be believed to be the authors of what they wrote,

* Our author means to ridicule the absurdities in the Romish church, and might have enlarged with great success and truth.

as well as the *canon's*; for he could not be persuaded, that Knight-errants of fame and antiquity would spend so much time and study in composing lies, and putting cheats on their readers. The canon was impowered to palliate his obtrusions upon his disciples, with a *Piæ fraudes*, or *Apocryphæ fabulæ*, which, though they are not fundamental truths, yet they were significant helps to the end he aimed at.

Will any earthly eloquence make a man believe that a story of the infant Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy, is false; or that of Fierabras, with the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and I vow to God! is as true as that the sun shines at noon-day? &c.) P. 283.—
279.

No doubt, as true as that of *Guy of Warwick* and the boar, or the great defeats of the giant *Colybrand*. So likewise, if we were disposed to be foolishly credulous, might we believe many improbable and false stories. The sign of *St. George*, in almost every town in *England*, convinces us of the certainty of such a person, and his famous acts; for since the defeat of the dragon, which was slain, being then pregnant, none of her issue, nor so much as any of her species, have been seen or heard of in this country. In like manner, there are no *spiders* in *Ireland*, since
St.

St. *Patrick* caught one upon his face, and anathematized them all into *England*. Nor are the works of *Jaques of Spain* less credited, who, by his holy life and prayer, effected, that the universal monarchy should, in time, come to be settled in the *Austrian* family, about the period when the *Indians* should be converted to their religion; a portuberancy of the lip being the certain sign of the true heir to the crown: That oranges, lemons, and *Malaga* raisins, should breed as good blood as beef, mutton, and veal: And lastly, that the Knight-errants of *Iberia*, should be fortified to live without meat for many days. Whosoever, therefore, shall attempt to overthrow the veracity of those books of errantry; will find it an endless labour, they having so many champions to defend them: The world swarms with men of this profession, who, under the notion of relieving the oppressed, advance themselves to the pinnacle of fame and honour. Pity it is, that chronologers have taken no notice of them, as from this defect, it is uncertain, in what age those heroic spirits flourished. All other histories would be of little value, if some good antiquary would make it his business to derive the history of these gallant men from the Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, to the Knights of the *Rueful-Countenance*.

C H A P. XXIII.

For my own part, I can safely aver, that since I professed the order of Knight-errantry, I have been valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, civil, daring, good-humoured, and a patient endurer of toils, captivities, and enchantment.) P. 289.—286.

THIS proof, *teste seipso*, was backed with no other authority than his own, and it was well known, notwithstanding his boasting, that he durst not venture to do any great thing. But he might, with propriety, take some of these attributes and qualifications to himself, being valiant, *ferendo*; which passive fortitude is most errantick; liberal, *promittendo*; courteous, *receptiendo*, denying nothing that was given him; generous, but not *generosus*, and that, in *genere*, not in *specie*; civil, since his confinement in the cage; patient (perforce as we may say) under imprisonment and enchantment, *revera*, and *plerunque*; and as *Julius Cæsar* of old, obtained *Gallia*, *dando*, *accipiendo*, *ignoscendo*, so *Don Quixote*, by giving nothing, forgiving any thing, and taking every thing, in time might have made *Sancho Panza* earl of *Terra Incognita*.

I wish to God I had this earldom, as soon as I should find understanding to manage it; for I have
as

as big a soul as my neighbours, and as much body as he that has more, &c.) P. 290.—287.

Whenever he obtained the government of an island by his master's valour, he would have been able to manage it. His frame of body was well suited for sitting and sleeping in judicature; and that mind, that was able to inform that body, would take informations at leisure. The power and reward was all *Sancho* looked for; the abilities and execution he left to others. The place was to qualify the man, and not the man to be qualified for the place: Appearances generally deceive us, and therefore it is difficult to judge by them. *Æsop* was deformed in person (as some say) but very sensible and witty; and we seldom meet with a person with any natural defect, but what is amply recompensed by some extraordinary inward faculty. *Galba* was very bald on his head, but it was well lined within. *Cicero* had a wen on his nose, yet he smelt out *Cataline's* conspiracy. *Cæsar* had none, and could not discover that against himself. *Vitellius* was robust and corpulent, but graced the chair of state much better than spruce *Otho*. So every one that beheld *Sancho's* graceful person, would doubtless have confessed, that there was enough of him for a governor of the largest island in the world.

While her keeper seizing her by the horns, accosted her in these words, as if she had been possessed of sense and understanding: "Ab! you spotted wanton, what a rambler you have become of late; the wolves will feast upon you one day.—What is the matter with you, my pretty child? Yet what else can it be, but that you are a female, and consequently inconstant! a plague upon your disposition, and all those you resemble." P. 291. 288.

It is surprising, that the Don did not imagine the spotted goat to be an enchanted lady; and, that from what he heard her keeper say, he was not incited to rescue her. He assaulted the flock of sheep upon less provocation. Could the defender of the sex stand unmoved at all this? Of all the adventures he met with, this was the most promising; therefore, he should have said to her, "Enchanted lady (for by this miscreant's words, I guess you to be such) unfold the cause of your change and flight. I am not ignorant of the like mutation in your sex. I but very lately was enchanted, and I know not how soon I may return to that condition; therefore, speak quickly, while my knightly capacity lasts, that I may restore you to your original greatness. This shall be instantaneously effected, if I may have but one word from you, signifying

ing your desire of being relieved by the valour of my arm". How this fancy escaped him, is miraculous; unless his wooden study had confused his ideas, and blunted the edge of his aspiring soul.

C H A P. XXIV.

THIS chapter, in the history, contains the story which the goat-herd related to the conductors of *Don Quixote*: See page 294, in *Smollett*, or 291, in *Jarvis*.—*Mr. Gayton* made no remarks on it, but translated it into miserable verse, which the Editor thought proper to omit, as he has done the stories of *Cardenio*, *Dorothea*, &c. &c.

C H A P. XXV.

He that shewed himself most liberal in compliment, was Don Quixote, who said to him, "truly, brother goatherd, were it possible for me to undertake any new adventure, I would forthwith set forward in your behalf, and deliver Leandra from that monastery.) P. 301.—297.

HE was under enchantment, or he would have sallied forth on this adventure; for there is no time but in cases of this nature,

when a Knight-errant is not offensive and defensive: That is, either beating, or being beaten. But it was too much at once, to be at war with men and devils. Necromancers, forcerers, witches, wizards, and the like, being of the train-band of hell, were no small enemies to *Don Quixote*. No man of that valiant, honourable, and desperate profession, was ever oftner or longer under the captivity of their diabolical forces: Yet, some wiser than others, will laugh the opinion out of countenance, and maintain that there are no witches nor witchcrafts, inchanters, nor enchantments, spirits nor familiars; against the received sentences of tribunals, and the confessions of divers condemned persons.*

* Our author was, undoubtedly, a man of too much sense to believe the reality of witchcraft, and therefore, could not be serious in this last passage, but meant it as ridicule. Though in the time of his writing, there were but few, who doubted the reality of witchcraft and enchantment; but now, we have an act of parliament against them; which ought to be as great an argument for disbelieving, as it is for supporting the credit of some other tales, equally as absurd and preposterous.

And

And laying hold of his collar with both his hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not, at that instant, sprung to his master's assistance, and pulling his antagonist backwards, tumbled him over the table, where plates, cups, victuals, wine, and all went to wreck.) P. 302.—298.

Sancho would have proved a second *Fluelin* in this scuffle, the pillage of such battles being his property, if the eminent danger of his master's throat had not proved an utter enemy to his own: If the goatherd had not almost throttled his master, Sancho, in a short time, would have choaked himself with the ingurgitated reliques of the canon's provision. This was a *Lapithæan* feast, where there was more meat than manners, and very unlike the entertainment of *Tantalus*, for instead of flying from their lips, it flew at them in such quantities, that there was more meat for their mouths, than mouths for their meat: *Non offendimur ambulante cœnâ*, is understood when one dish dances round the table; but this was a running banquet, as if it had been served up in plates of quicksilver.

They heard a trumpet.) P. 302.—298.

That which at other times animates to battle, here dissolved the fray: The noble

found of that warlike instrument, recalled shame into the combatants, who, full of flesh wounds, crossed the cudgels the right way, and fell to picking quarrels with their teeth, their bellies having been the sufferers during this encounter, and were not to be easily satisfied after so great a spoil. The Don, according to custom, imagined the trumpet called for his assistance, and that the princess *Micomicona* was in distress from the insults and invasions of the giant *Pandasilando*, and, therefore, had sent this summons for the restorer of her kingdom: Or else, that it was the trumpet of fame, to blow him honourably home after his many glorious victories. A trumpet it undoubtedly was, which blew no good to the Knight, for it proved the last trumpet to his day of judgment, as will be seen by the sequel.

He was even deaf to the cries of Sancho, who bawled with great vociferation, "Where are you going Signor Don Quixote? What devil possesses and provokes you to act against our Catholic faith!") P. 304.—301.

Contra Romanam Catholicam fidem, he should have said; for he and his master were *Lutherians* by their stomachs. *Sancho* laboured in vain; the whole council of *Trent* could not

not have persuaded the Don from the attempt, being at that instant fiercer than the council of *Dort*, fearing no *anathemas*, *bulls*, nor *bears*. Had this action been in later times, he might have been dubbed a Knight of the reformation, and from the success of this adventure, as great a harvest of conversion might have been expected, as was from the fall of *Mahomet's* tomb among the Jews and Infidels; which tomb has stood on the ground at *Mecca*, ever since the embalming of that impostor; notwithstanding it is a piece of *Alcoran* faith, that he hangs in the air in an iron chest, supported by the equal attraction of two loadstones.

He drew his sword, and without uttering another word, attacked the bearers; one of whom, leaving his share of the load to his companions, opposed himself to this aggressor, brandishing a fork or pole, on which (when they were wearied) they supported the bier, &c.) P. 305.—302.

This fellow stood not for an image, but was a true Catholic, and proved his faith by his works; being resolved to try which was the greater pageant, that which they carried, or the Don supported by *Rozinante*. In this unfortunate adventure, *pitchfork* prevailed against sword, and *porter* against Knight-errant. The Don, by one unhappy blow, was

was deprived of the use of his shoulder; a judgment (no doubt *in specie*) punishing that part which first lifted itself against the idol. *Nec enim lex justior illa est. &c.*

The cries and groans of Sancho revived his master.) P. 307.—304.

It would have been a question worthy *Sancho*, whether in this deliquium, his soul was transported? As also, what more eminent place was prepared for Knight-errants, than any other order? Whether he did not see many heroes, whose histories incited him to this profession, advanced according to the merits of their undertakings in the other world? What habits *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Amadis of Greece* wore? Or, whether there were any investitures at all, till the complete number of Knights were accomplished by his departure, to preside over them as king or emperor? But *Sancho* was too overjoyed at his recovery, to think of these things. The Don, Knight-errant like, attributed those misventures and sufferings, to the absence and long distance betwixt his lady *Dulcinea* and himself, and, therefore, as an antidote in *futuro*, was willing to be conveyed nearer to her, as fast as the cart would carry him: For, as all recoveries and victories are imputed to the sovereign aspects of their ladies, so their defeats and

and crosses are attributed to their averfions, or some obnoxious interpoſition.

“ *You are right, Sancho,*” replied Don Quixote, “ *and it will be very prudent in us to let the malign influence of the ſtars paſs over.*”) P. 307.—304.

They were not obliged to fight and conquer againſt the influence of the ſtars; for if once a Knight-errant (like *Ben. Johnson’s* bragga-docio *) is *planet-ſtruck*, he never returns a blow; it is wiſdom then, not valour, muſt manage the buſineſs. *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris*. And certainly if ever Knights were born under malignant planets, Quixote was. *Venus* was cross-legged; *Mars*, retrograde; *Sol*, in *nubibus*; *Jupiter*, excentric; *Saturn*, ſullen; *Luna* and *Mercury* only conſpiring to aſſiſt him home again: She, becauſe he was her companion in the night; the other, for his unwearied errantry in the day; inſomuch, that if ever the number ſhould be augmented, he is in election to make the eighth planet. What influence the *Sep-entriones* had upon him at this time, is eaſily imagined, as he was now upon the ſecond hoift into the cart: And if he had not been provided, there was an *Auriga* for him.

* Captain *Bobadil*, in the Comedy of EVERY MAN in his HUMOUR.

The waggoner yoking his oxen, accommodated the Knight with a truss of hay, and with his usual phlegm jogged on according to the priest's directions, till at the end of six days, they arrived at their own village.) P. 307—304.

Rozinate envied his master's cushion, and wished to have changed places with him. This was the sad conclusive adventure of this famous Knight; who, indeed, deserved a better *Sella Curulis*; but his knowledge in the miscarriages of his predecessors, made him slight these indignities; and when he considered *Marius* in the lake, *Orlando* in bedlam, *Amadis de Gaul* in a dungeon, he of *Greece* in shackles, the valiant *Gateor* forced to run the gauntlet, the Knight of the *Burning Pestle* in *Cornelius'* tub, and most of their Squires like poor *Sancho*, at the cart's tail, he played with the hay he sat upon (the emblem of human frailty) saying, as if he ate it chopped, nothing more than, *Non sum majoribus impar*. Which some thought he spoke in illusion to *Bajazet*, who was carried about in this manner by *Tamerlane*: Others imagined he called to mind, his *Manchegan* ancestors, who were peasants and plowmen, and not disdaining the contemplation of his original, resolved to begin that world again, and invert the poem to *Virgil's Æneids*.

*Ille ego qui quondam Mavortis, terror in armis,
Ad patriam redeo, ut parerent arva Colono.*

which, though not literally, answers our purpose to translate, as follows :

*Since my design for errantry is broke,
I'll still subdue, tho' oxen under yoke ;
Nor shall this cage my vast ambition bound,
I'll fall to plow, and so I'll tear the ground.*

Sancho Panza's wife, who had good intimation that he was gone with Don Quixote in quality of his Squire, hearing of his return, ran strait to her husband, and the first question she asked was, whether or not the ass was in good health ?) P. 308—305.

The question serving for ass, man, or master ; *Sancho* replied to its double sense, and said, “ The animal was in the better condition of the two.” Poor *Sancho's* ears were fallen, for this dishonourable return crossed all his hopes, and made him ashamed to see his wife, as he well might, who expecting to be a queen at least, was obliged to remain *Joan Panza* still : However, she thought, as it was no better, it was well it was no worse, and that he brought himself and the ass home again.

*But with regard to his death and burial, he could obtain no information ; and must have remained entirely ignorant of that event, had he not
luckily*

luckily met with an old physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, &c.) P. 310.—307.

Who this old physician could be, is hard to conjecture, being a great antiquary, as appears by his delight in these monuments and reliques of *Don Quixote*, unless it was *Dellues*, of whom the following story is said to be authentic.

Dellues was so famous throughout the kingdom of *Spain* for his great skill in physic, that just before the time of his decease, he was requested by a friend, not to bury with him the means whereby he became so eminent. To this he answered, “ That the fame with which he lived was great, but as to his critical knowledge, it might easily be transmitted to another ;” and then disclosed the secret. He had a *Fortune-Physic Book*, which contained the names of most disorders, with their cures : As patients came to him for advice, he withdrew for a time, and in that interval, threw the dice on the list of the diseases, and wherever the chance fell, that was the patient’s disorder : He then threw again on the list of remedies, and where the dice rested was the cure. This was his method, which he followed to his end, and it was the end of many : But the number of cures surmounting his miscarriages, his bad casts went for nothing. His method of practice being short and easy, he had the more leisure to consult these old records,

records, amongst which, he at last found those of the *Mancha*; out of which he gathered a few elegies and epitaphs upon *Don Quixote*, *Dulcinea*, *Rozinante*, and *Sancho Panza*.

Here end *Mr. Gayton's* notes: And it is much to be regreted, he did not continue them through the second part of this celebrated romance, as it was not only published, but translated into English long before the date of this book. Should these meet with a favourable reception, the Editor proposes publishing a volume of *original* notes on the continuation, which will complete the work.

The history of *Don Quixote*, in point of ingenuity and invention, is equal to any thing the mind of man ever produced. *Cervantes* was an exalted genius, and has shewed himself a man of knowledge, judgment, and fine taste, possessed with abundance of wit and humour; which talents rendered him a great writer, both in prose and verse: and the delicacy of his manners, is as apparent as that of his writing, of which he has here given numberless instances. He judged right, in making his hero return to his sound mind before his death, as also in giving an account of his death; for the same reason which *Mr. Addison* gave for killing his *Sir Roger*; for fear any one else should murder him. The faults in this inimitable romance, are neither numerous nor

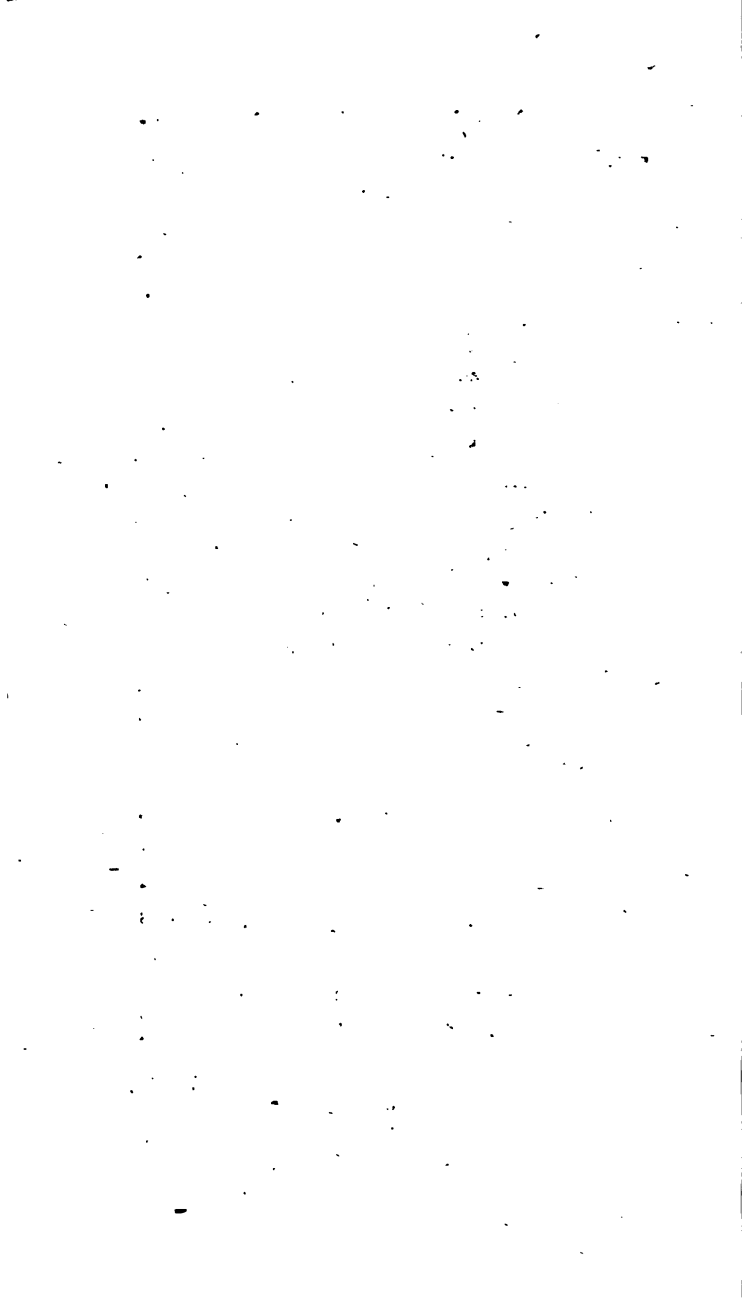
important: But there seems to be neither humour nor ingenious design in his mentioning the sage *Cid Hamet Benengeli*, as the author of *Don Quixote*, and there is too much mention made of him.

Cervantes has been accused, of taking too great liberty in quoting the gospel lightly, in many places, but particularly, where he makes *Don Quixote* declaim in praise of arms *; and also to have meant to ridicule the Christian religion. This seems to be a false and malicious suggestion; since he was known to be a person of strict morals and exemplary piety. He, doubtless, frequently intended to expose the folly of superstition, and madness of enthusiasm: but seems a friend to true religion, by his enmity to the roguery of Romish priestcraft, in its impositions on the minds of men, by making ridiculous ceremonies, and unnecessary penances, articles of faith. That the profane madness of wild enthusiasm might afford him some hints, for many of the extravagant actions of *Don Quixote*; or, that by an account of such romantic actions, he meant to ridicule the absurdity of enthusiastic folly and bigotry, is very probable: This was laudable, and ought to have raised him superior to calumny and detraction; but envy is the

constant attendant, and frequently the only reward of exalted genius. A few instances, will suffice to prove what is said above.

Let the attentive reader consider the passage where *Don Quixote* demanded a confession from the merchants, * that *Dulcinea* was the most beautiful damsel in the whole world, and judge whether a similar conduct is not practised by Knights-errant, in religion? And really *Cervantes* here seems to ridicule the presumption and tyranny of the Romish church. And on the scrutiny into his library, † there are many instances of ridicule on superstition and credulity. The extravagant penance which *Don Quixote* imposes on himself on the brown mountain ‡ in imitation of *Belshazzar*, is plainly a satirical stroke on religious penances. There are many who are enthusiasts and madmen in religion, who like *Don Quixote*, talk very well on other subjects. When he talks on any subject but Knight-errantry, he speaks like a polite, sensible, judicious man; which is the case with many who never surmounted the prejudices of a superstitious education.

* Chap. IV. Book I. Vol. I. † Chap. VI. Book I. Vol. I. ‡ Chap. XI. Book III. Vol. I.



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P. 15. line 2. for *unwieldly*, read *unwieldy*. P. 31. l. 6. for *fit*, r. *fic*. p. 38. l. 9. for *filed*, r. *styled*. P. 13. for *file*, r. *style*. p. 68. l. 10. r. *bue*. p. 70. l. 22. r. *council*. p. 81. l. 26. r. *doomed*. p. 87. l. 4. r. *dropped*. l. 12. for *put*, r. *but*. p. 94. l. 17. r. *penance*. p. 102. l. 10. r. *follow*. p. 123. l. 18. r. *buttons*. p. 134. l. 22. r. *conjugue*. p. 141. l. 14. r. *issue*. p. 178. l. 22. r. *styled*. p. 188. l. 21. r. *woman*. p. 207. l. 6. r. *physicians*. p. 216. l. 8. r. *than*. p. 224. l. 5. r. *attach*. l. 15. r. *supersedeas*. p. 226. l. 9. r. *squire*. p. 231. l. 26. r. *principal*. p. 232. l. 5. r. *eunuchs*. p. 233. l. 22. r. *populariter*. p. 248. l. 20. r. *absence*. Chap. iv. is omitted by mistake in pag. 78.

